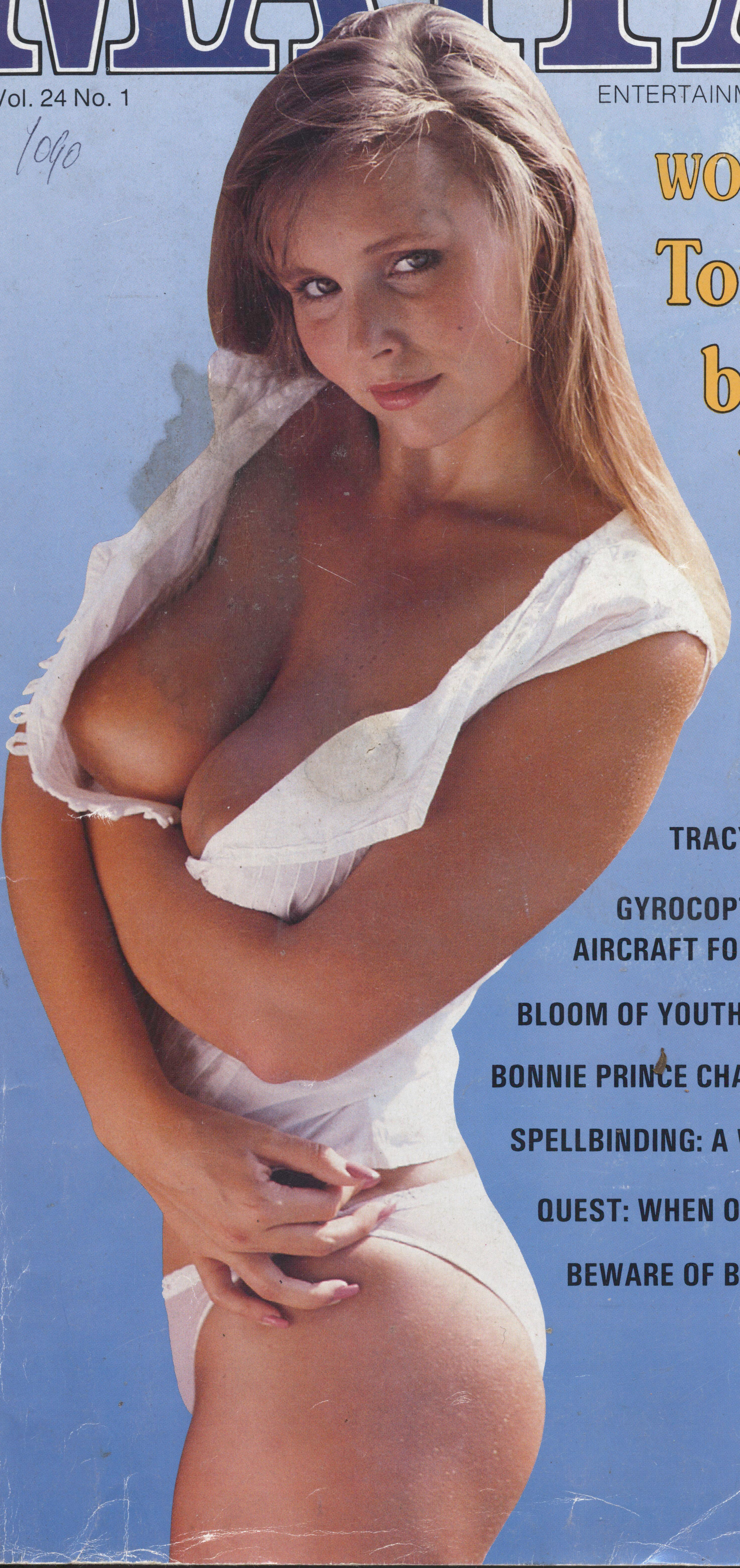
MAYFAIR

Vol. 24 No. 1

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

£1.75

WORLD EXCLUSIVE
Tony Jacklin's birdie bared



132 pages

TRACY NEVE: A PAGE 3 FAVOURITE

GYROCOPTERS: YOUR PERSONAL AIRCRAFT FOR THE PRICE OF A CAR

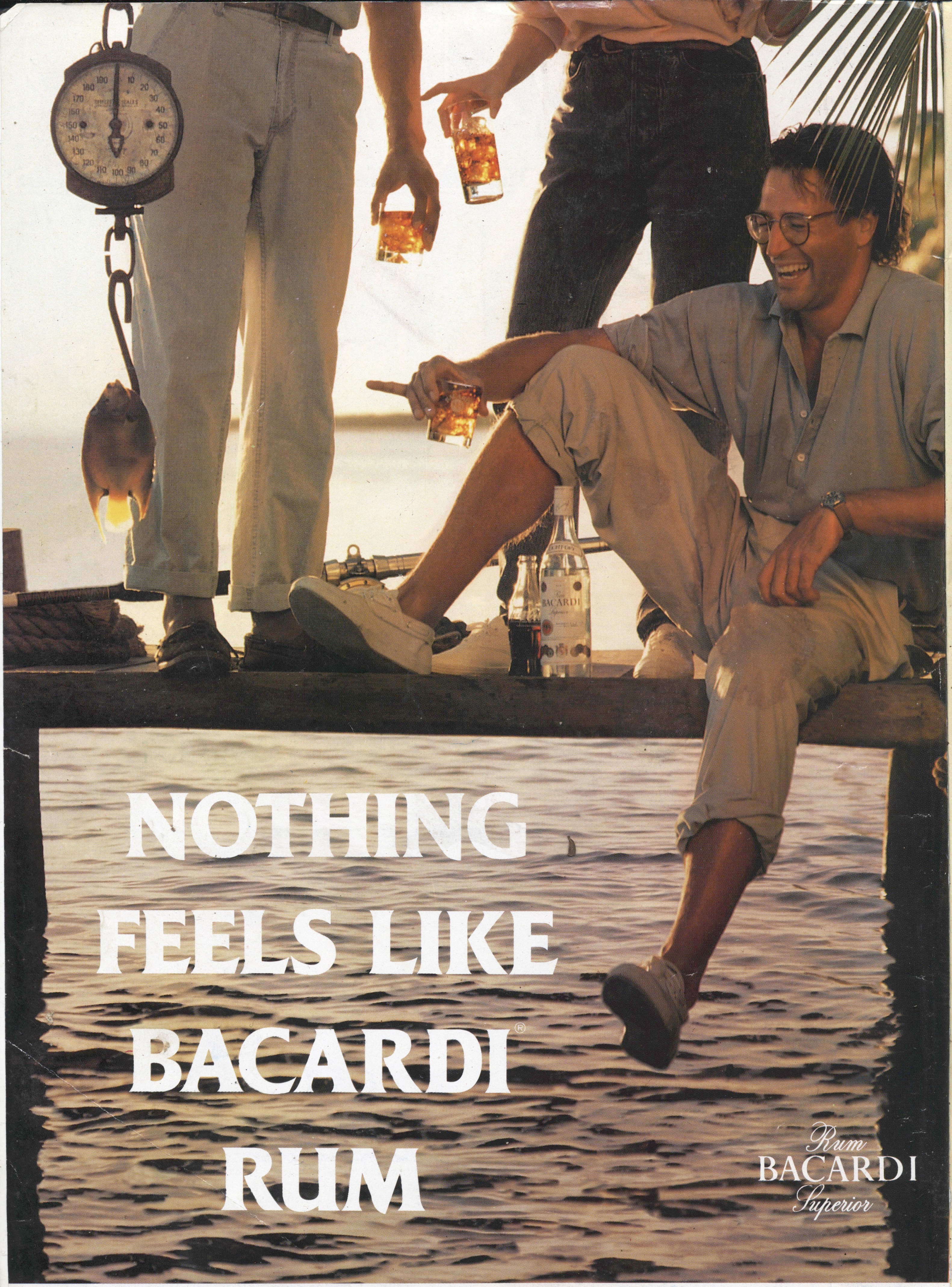
BLOOM OF YOUTH: OUR FANCIABLE FLORIST

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE: DARLING OR DRUNKARD?

SPELLBINDING: A WHITE WITCH UNFROCKED

QUEST: WHEN OLDER WOMEN MAKE A PLAY

BEWARE OF BIMBOS: A LIGHT-HEARTED GUIDE



For your free copy of the Bacardi rum Drinks Guide write to BACARDI rum Drinks Guide Dept AA/MF/019 c/o Transom House, Victoria Street, Bristol, Avon, BS1 6AH.
BACARDI and the Bat Device are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited. 'Coca-Cola' and 'Coke' are Registered Trade Marks which identify the same product of The Coca-Cola Company.

MAYFAIR

Incorporating King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ
PRINTED IN ENGLAND

Vol. 24 No. 1

ABC net paid circulation 318,053

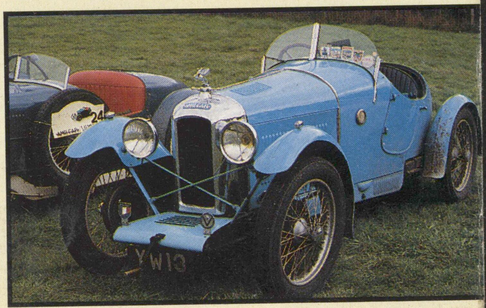
SPECIAL FEATURES		page
Going for a Spin:	The return of the autogyro *Robert Coultas*	28
Uncrowning Achievement:	Bonnie Prince Charlie *Gerald Rawling*	42
Cool Courage:	Boating on ice *Anders Ansar*	70
GIRLS		
Melinda:	Our Shrewsbury rose	9
Evaline:	Stripping songstress	22
Donna Methven:	Tony Jacklin's birdie *Joanie Allum*	35
Lena:	A dab hand at decorating *Ed Alexander*	47
Veronica:	You'll love going dutch *Donald Milne*	59
Alfreda:	A wizard girl *Hubert Toyot*	76
Jackie:	Luton lovely *John Allum*	88
Pamela:	The Bude Nude unmasked?	103
Tracy:	She's big on Page Three *John Graham*	121
HUMOUR		
Beware! Bimbos:	Briefs encounters *Anthony*	55
New Year Dissolutions:	Seasonal survival tips *Jules Archer*	83
Car Crazies:	The mad world of motoring *Colin Jeffrey and Paul Dunn*	84
That Reminds Me:	Your choice jokes	87
INFORMERS		
Motoring:	Amilcar cavalcade *Ed Alexander*	92
Scene from Mayfair:	News and booze	98
Quest:	When the mature woman goes wild	111
FICTION		
Salted Almonds:	Rude word games *Samantha Bonham*	16
SPECIAL OFFERS	**1989 Calendar Offer** page 7/**Lingerie Collection** pages 86 and 101/ **Binders Offer** page 117/**Mayfair Jacket Offer** page 120/**Best of Mayfair** page 128	
READER SERVICES	**Letters** page 6/**Back Numbers** page 8/ **Subscription Offer** page 19	

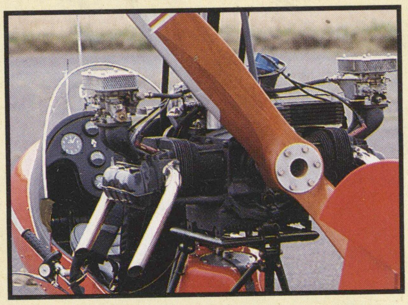
Farnham-born teenager Donna Methven startled the golfing world when she announced that she had had a three-month affair with victorious Ryder Cup captain Tony Jacklin. She reveals exclusively to us the figure that the top golfer decided was well above par

35

Amilcars were one of the leading economy sports cars of the 1920s. William Boddy takes a ride in the poor man's Bugatti

92





Autogyros provide the performance of a helicopter for the price of a saloon car. Hop aboard!

28

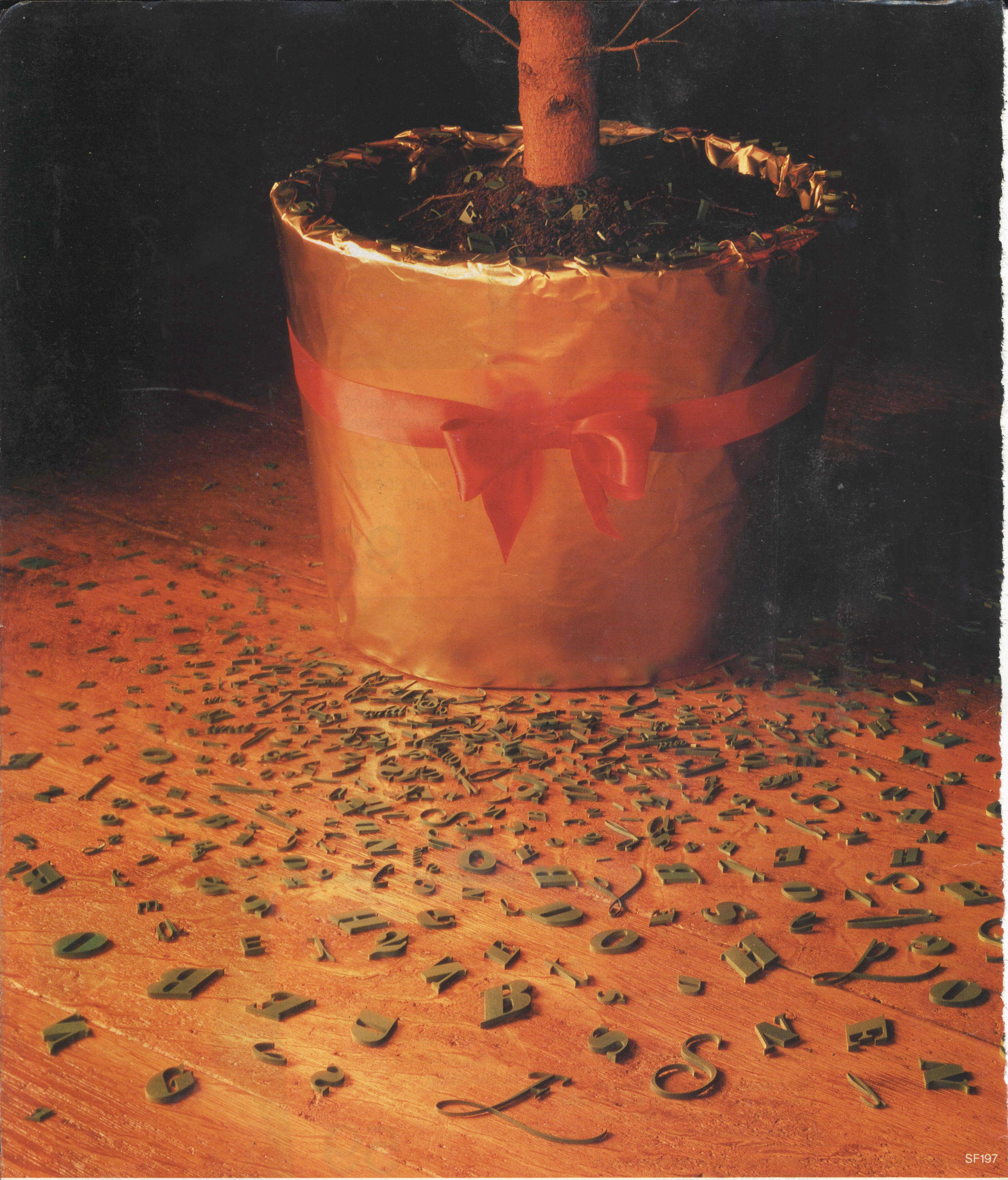
CENTRE GIRL

Born near Rotterdam, 36C-24-36 Veronica Dolce has the kind of face and figure that persuades everyone to go Dutch. Turn to our centre pages and feast your eyes on some delicious sauce hollandaise

59

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **Kenneth Sims** /Assistant Editor **Clive Harris** / Features Editor **David Jeffs** / Production **Sarah Buck** / Editorial Assistant **Fiona Whitty** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/ Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/

Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

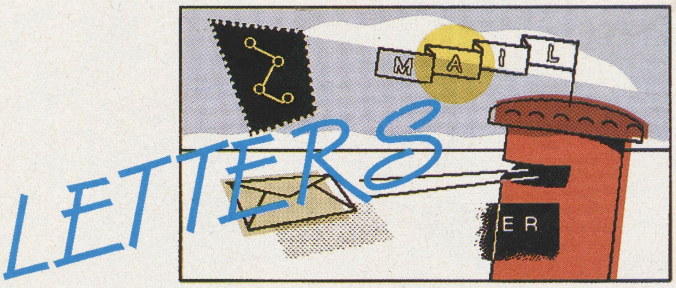


MIDDLE TAR
Warning: MORE THAN 30,000 PEOPLE DIE
Health Departments'

As defined by H.M. Government

EACH YEAR IN THE UK FROM LUNG CANCER

Chief Medical Officers



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Personal favourite

If one photograph could sum up what makes *Mayfair* such a high quality magazine, then for me it would be the picture of Patricia Hayes, on page 53 of your latest 'Best of Mayfair'.

The blend of subtle eroticism and a simply stunning girl, makes it one of the most powerful photographs of it's type I've ever seen. I'd love a re-run.

MJ West Midlands

Second to one

You have really excelled yourself with Vol 23 No 11. This, in my ranking, was the second best of 1988, the first being Vol 23 No 8 featuring Sabrina.

It was lovely to see Jacqueline Luis back again, showing off her gorgeous body. It's a pity she's not still working in Boots. I'd buy condoms off her any day!

Julie Wilson reminded me of a secretary where I work — she has the most beautiful, full, firm bottom, just right for smacking or pinching.

The set of the splendid Linda Larssen was another classic. I have seen other pictures of this girl, but none as fine as yours. She must be the ultimate blue-eyed blonde.

Last but not least was the stunning Jane Warner, who looks better than ever. I feel sorry for her husband who wants to keep her for himself. If I had a wife like her I'd want to show her off to everyone.

One last request: more pictures of Sabrina, please, as well as Karen Brennan and the gorgeous Gail McKenna.

PN, Mansfield

Popular choice

We here in Canada, particularly in the larger cities, are virtually inundated by a flood of tacky vulgar trash from America.

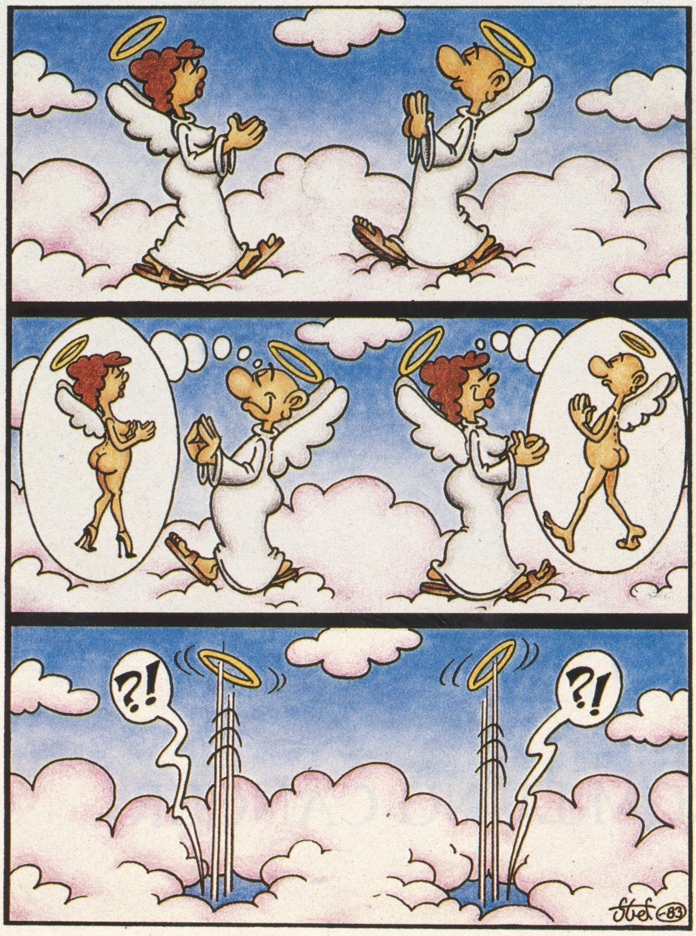
For this reason it is with great relief that we are able to turn to a high-class erotic publication such as *Mayfair*, which is full of lovely lasses to admire.

As a matter of interest, some months ago, several of my fellows and myself took a poll of 100 post-graduate and doctoral students at our university, and discovered that over 80 per cent preferred *Mayfair* to any other men's magazine.

Amazingly enough we managed to pass this off as part of our statistical research for our thesis!

PN Toronto Canada

Glad to hear you have been putting your studies to such good use.



Country capers

The joys of outdoor sex in our climate might seem limited in their appeal, however a recent walking holiday in North Devon has convinced me otherwise.

A little way out of Minehead, on the South West Peninsula coast path heading towards Porlock, I met with an attractive young lady by the name of Louise, who was going in the same direction.

After a few miles we had struck up a friendship based on a mutual love of the countryside and the fact that we had both been brought up in East Sussex. It was a warm day and she was wearing only a light t-shirt. Luckily for me, I had plenty of opportunities to admire the roll and tumble of her large breasts as she walked along.

That evening we pitched our tents beside a stream in the middle of a small wood. I was treated to the mouth watering silhouette of Louise undressing against the wall of her tent.

The following morning was even better. Shortly after sunrise, I poked my bleary head through the front flap of my tent and was greeted by the sight of Louise dressed in a jumper, walking boots and skimpy knickers, preparing coffee. To see her shapely bottom, which her knickers were inadequate to cover, gave me a raging erection. Not only was she not particularly bothered about modesty, she was obviously also putting her attractions on display for me.

We headed inland towards Exmoor. It was gloriously hot. Around midday, we stopped for lunch in a secluded bend of a river valley. 'You don't mind if I sunbathe for a while?' Louise asked. Before I could reply, she was peeling off her t-shirt. Her breasts were lightly tanned, the broad nipples a shade darker than the surrounding skin. Her jeans came off next and I found myself staring at a neatly trimmed vee of auburn pubes shining in the sunlight.

In a few moments, having got over my surprise, I stripped off. Louise meanwhile had produced a bottle of sun tan lotion and asked if she could 'do' me. This turned out to mean spreading a large handful across my chest and then gripping my semi-erect penis and sliding her oily hand up and down it until my manhood was in full flower.

Rolling onto her back, she expertly guided me into her, and brought her legs up round my back. We were both inclined to take it easy and it must have been a good hour before we both climaxed.

For the next three days, Louise and I took every available opportunity to enjoy sex in the open air. As we both had partners waiting for us at home, we decided the best thing would be to end our brief affair at the end of the walk, and take back with us some very special memories of our short, but oh so sweet encounter.

PW London SE11

Feminine beauty

How delighted I was to purchase Vol. 23 No. 11 edition of *Mayfair* to find that Jane Warner actually appeared in the nude.

I am a 43-year-old single man and as Jane says, why should her husband be the only man to see her body.

A beautiful woman creates a loving feeling in a man which also needs to be expressed animalistically. I'm grateful that your magazine allows such self expression for single men like myself.

IC Scarborough

Old saying

Two luscious ladies featured recently in *Mayfair*, Alison Weeks Vol 23 No. 9 and Berenice Outram Vol. 23 No. 6, reminded me of what my old American First Sergeant used to say when he came across pretty women. 'I'd like to bite her in the ass, get lockjaw and have her drag me around a-while.'

As it's such a delightful saying, I thought maybe your British readers would like to share this American army favourite.

BB, New York

turn to page 8

Make a double date

Twelve of *Mayfair's* most popular models are waiting to make a date with you — in fact 365 dates. *Mayfair's* spectacular new all-colour calendar for 1989 offers you a different girl each month — like delicious Davina Hill (Vol 21 No 11), *right*. For just £2.50 (including postage and packaging) this unbeatable 13½ x 8½ in calendar can be yours.

Or, if you'd prefer to keep the same girls close to your heart, send for the 1989 *Mayfair* diary. For just £2.10 (p + p included) this pocket-sized 52-page volume gives you a full-colour girl picture each month, easy-to-see one page a month entry, forward planner, telephone and address section and a mass of indispensable information, including a vintage wine chart.

Better still, snap up both at our special £4.30 bargain price!

Mayfair's 1989 calendar & diary

ORDER FORM

To Mayfair Calendar/Diary Offer, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. Please rush me

. . . Calendars at £2.50 each . . . . Diaries at £2.10 each . . . . Special sets of Calendar and Diary at £4.30 per set

Name . . . . Address M24/1

I enclose a cheque/P.O. for £ . . . . . . made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. (For U.S. prices are: Cal $4; Diary $4; Set $7)

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, then photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL

Did you miss British gymnast Lynette Gordon in Vol 20 No 9? Then get a back number. Order from the list below or get our £5 five-pack: Vol 20 Nos 9 and 11 plus Vol 21 Nos 1, 4 and 12.

Other back numbers available include:
VOL. 20 No. 9 *(Lynette Gordon, British International gymnast bared, We fly with the Schneider Trophy pilots)* £1.65; **11** *(Marvellous Marina, The Black Watch)* £1.65; **VOL. 21 No. 1** *(Miss Scotland finalist nude, skate-sailing)* £1.65; **2** *(Julie from The Late Late Breakfast Show, Gloster Gladiator)* £1.65; **3** *(Miss Austria nude, Kent's vicious smugglers)* £1.65; **4** *(Marianne, the girl who beat Joan Collins to Peter Holm's bed, Spitfire)* £1.65; **5** *(Starbird of the Year finalist Tracy Neve, Andrea Kovic, The Kayak raid on Singapore)* £1.65; **6** *(The de-throned Miss France, Kamikaze)* £1.65; **7** *(The real Makepeace look alike, Nuclear submarine disasters)* £1.65; **9** *(Nudest Cambridge MA, Prussia's army of giants)* £1.65; **10** *(Princess Siggi strips, Alfa Romeos)* £1.65; **11** *(TV hostess Sue Lee, Death of a stunt pilot)* £1.65; **12** *(Lydia's ghostly strip, E-type Jaguars)* £2.50; **VOL. 22 No. 1** *(Pop star Mel Appleby, Free-fall parachuting)* £2.00; **2** *(Duncan Norvelle's girlfriend, Flying with NATO's fighters)* £2.00; **4** *(Debee Ashby's first nude pictures, Early Jaguars)* £2.00; **5** *(The MP's nudest secretary, Microlight aerobatics)* £2.00; **6** *(The sexy secretary from 'Rude Health', Blue-blooded Bugattis)* £2.00; **7** *(Elisha and Louise — the birds bared by the Beastie Boys, The hellish war galley ships)* £2.00; **8** *(Barest MP, Sacred Cows)* £2.00; **9** *(The Hostess From* Bob's Full House, *Canoeing Down Cliffs)* £2.00; **10** *(Richard Branson's lady's nude modelling days, DIY planes)* £2.00; **11** *(Princess Stephanie's love rival,* Penthouse *editor nude, Huey the helicopter hero of Vietman)* £2.00; **VOL. 23 No. 1** *(Sir Ralph's Lee Ann, Byron)* £2.00; **2** *(Chris Quinten's girlfriend Jacqui Bell, The Great Escape)* £2.00; **3** *(*Grange Hill *schoolgirl Paula-Ann Bland, Baader-Meinhof)* £2.00; **4** *(Miss Poland poses, the Dracula mystery)* £2.00; **5** *(Natalie Banus — first time nude, GTO Ferrari's)* £2.00; **6** *(Maria Whittaker, Armada)* £2.00; **7** *(Karen Brennan, Fifties US cars)* £2.00; **8** *(Sabrina strips, the original Jack the Lad)* £2.00; **9** *(*Daily Mirror *Dream girl Amanda Forbes, Niagara)* £2.00; **10** *(Andrea, the MP's wife, Rock stars' sex in public)* £2.00; **11** *(Rock fan Julie Wilson, Britain's UFOs)* £2.00; **12** *(The girl who romped with a Rolling Stone, Jack the Ripper)* 2.70; **Best of Mayfair No. 3,** £2.25; **Best of Mayfair No. 4,** £2.50; **Best of Mayfair No. 5,** £2.65; **Best of Mayfair No. 6,** £2.65; **Best of Mayfair No. 8,** £2.90; **Mayfair's Girls of Summer No. 1,** £2.70; **Mayfair's Girls of Summer No. 2,** £2.70.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me your bargain offer and/or
these separate issues ....
Name ....
Address ....
....

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ ....
Reg. London No. 875169 M24/1

continued from page 6

Mature ladies

I'm always astounded by the gorgeous selection of beautiful women you have in Mayfair, but may I ask one question? Your girls always seem to be in their late teens or early twenties. Delightful though they are, what about us men who have a preference for older ladies.
Many women in their late twenties and thirties look absolutely stunning, and would quite deservedly merit an appearance in your magazine.
DM, Salisbury

Have you taken a look at Jacky on page 89?

'Thank God . . . A woman . . . I thought I was hallucinating.'

Neighbourly surprise

Despite the fact that for eight years I have been married to a man who has let's say a rather strong sexual appetite, I am still quite easily shocked.
I was taking my car for a long overdue service, and I told my friend Kate. She suggested that while it was being serviced, I should call round to her house which was near the garage.
On the day, I decided to keep to Kate's invitation and call round. When I knocked on the door, I got no reply and started to walk down the drive, when the door suddenly opened and a rather fragile Peter appeared. Kate was not there, but he ushered me in, and explained that the previous night he and Kate had met up with an old university friend of theirs and got completely smashed.
While I made the coffee, Peter said he was going to take a quick shower to help clear his head. Peter and Kate's dog came bounding in and pawed my leg. I realised instantly what had happened. The dog had laddered my brand new pair of stockings. The ladder started just below my knee and went right up to my stocking top. I was just about to swear at the dog, when Peter's voice said, 'Nice to see it's not just my wife's generation that wears stockings and suspenders. I feared it was a dying breed.' The flush of embarrassment covered my whole body. Two things struck me as Peter stood there grinning. Firstly, he had made a rapid recovery. He was now his usual charming self again. Secondly, he had just flattered me. Peter said it wasn't just his 'wife's generation,' who wore stockings. She's only 10 years older than me and once you get over 30 (I'm 31 and a bit) you get sensitive about being bracketed with the middle-aged.
Peter had made flattering comments to me before, but now the situation was different. I was showing off my right leg in all it's glory, and he was standing a few feet away in a dressing gown still wet from his shower. The compliments about how gorgeous I looked started to flow, and I took them all in. I was going through rather ugly divorce proceedings, and I was in desperate need of reassurance that all men aren't utter rats. Peter was doing this admirably, but I realised I was being seduced.
It's nice to be told when you're 31, that you've still got the looks and body of a 20 year old. Peter lived up to my nickname for him of the 'charmer,' and by daring me to show a little more, soon started to charm me out of my blouse, bra and skirt until I stood before him in just my panties, stockings and suspenders. By now, his other 'charm' was beginning to show through.
Now I do have an advantage over his wife, who despite being 40 is still very attractive. That is the size of my breasts.
I am what my nearly ex-husband calls an 'ideal size' large enough to have fun with but not get lost in. Peter obviously missed such a breast, and clamped himself on mine. He then teased and fondled me in a way which really turned me on. With his penis now fully erect, I leant forward and kissed the tip before lowing myself down on it, with my hands behind my head. As our bodies started to move together perfectly, Peter seemed fascinated by the sight of my breasts wobbling slightly. As

turn to page 130

Melinda

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD SMITH

Twenty-four-year old Melinda Adams always enjoys the new year for it marks one of the busiest and most romantic periods of her life.

Occasionally, men come into the shop wanting to buy flowers for their girlfriends, and end up giving them to Melinda instead. 'For some reason, men who are rather short tend to be the best flower buyers. Judging by the offers of dinner dates I receive from them, I think they must sense that I prefer my men to be small but perfectly formed.' Apart from their size, what other qualities does she like about them? 'They're generous, kind and have a great sense of humour,' she laughs.

It was a sophisticated and sexy party game which only two could play. Sophie had to manoeuvre her man into saying certain words. But, with his little erotic tricks, was he playing a game of his own?

Salted Almonds

Fiction by
Samantha Bonham

'Tell me again how you play it,' I said.

'Really, Sophie,' said Camilla, 'You haven't listened to a word I've been saying.'

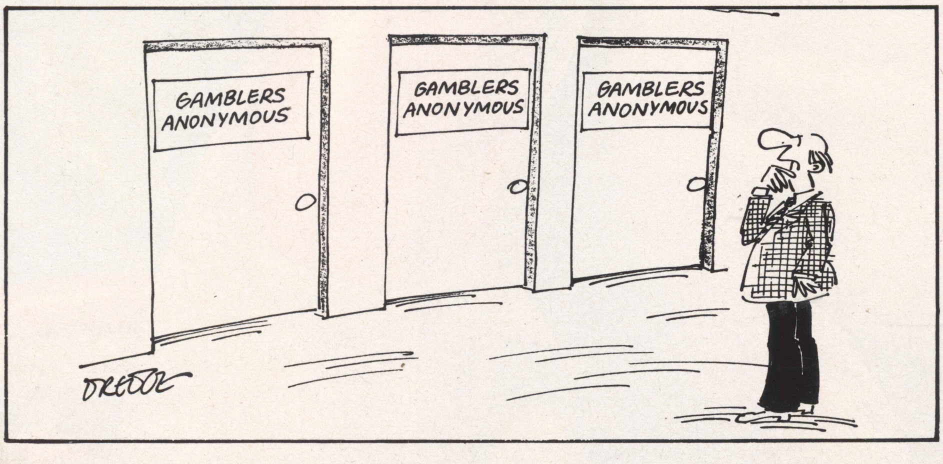
'That's not fair,' I replied. 'You told me that you had two good ideas for brightening up this rather boring party we're going to, and I haven't even understood the first of them yet — Salted . . .'

'Almonds,' said Camilla. 'Listen. It's like this. We go to the party. We pick out your victim. I give you a phrase — something like . . . ooh . . . "Henley wasn't as good as usual this year," or "I'm a leg man myself" — something like that. You then get into conversation with your victim, without letting on that you're up to anything, and you try and steer the conversation so that he ends up using the phrase. *Then*, when you've got him

ILLUSTRATED BY TERRY PASTOR

to say whatever-it-is, you call out to me "Would you like a salted almond?" That's just the code to let me know you've done it.'
'It doesn't sound very easy,' I said.
'Nonsense,' said Camilla. 'Anyway, you'll give me a victim and a phrase too, so you'll be able to listen to how I do it. Emma and I play it a lot.'
'All right,' I said. I wasn't convinced. 'And what's the other bright idea to get the party going with a swing?'
'These,' said Camilla
'Christ!' I said, 'I can't wear *that*! What's holding it together, anyway?'
'Willpower. I don't know what you're complaining about — you've got the figure for it, and you must be nearly Emma's size, too. Take your bra off, silly; it's backless as well as strapless. Now just ease yourself into it.'
'Have you got a shoehorn?'
'Don't be silly. Now, just smooth it down over your hips, and give us a twirl. Very nice indeed. No trouble about fixing *you* up tonight. *Leave* the sides; they're supposed to be slit that high. The only trouble is your knicks — they're a bit Marks-and-Sparkish, aren't they? Here, I'm sure Emma has some new Janet Reger somewhere — aha! Here we are!'
'Camilla — I couldn't' I said.
'Of course you could. Off with the bargain-basement passion-killers, and cream yourself into these — *and* the stockings. Gosh!'
I must admit that I surprised myself as I looked in the full-length mirror. At school I had always looked on Camilla as the pinnacle of sophistication, but it had never occurred to me that so much was due to the way she dressed. Wearing clothes I would never have dreamed of choosing for myself, I felt infinitely more sophisticated and glamorous than I had ever done before. I shivered, and noticed Camilla looking at me.
'Cold?' she said.
'No,' I replied, 'I feel . . . I don't really know what I feel.'
'Raunchy,' said Camilla crisply. 'It's the clothes. Act up to them a bit more. Don't overdo it, or you'll fall out of them.'
Ten minutes later we were in a black cab with a bottle of chilled champagne, heading west. We got held up in Piccadilly, and again at Hyde Park Corner, and by the time we got to Sloane Square, there was so little left in the bottle that it seemed silly to leave it, so we didn't. When we arrived at the party, just north of the King's Road, everyone else was already there. A waiter took our wraps and gave us each a glass of champagne, and we went in. Nobody seemed to take much notice of us, though I felt conspicuous enough. We drank the champagne.
'What do we do now?' I asked.
'Well, we can set up the salted almonds', said Camilla. 'Who's *my* delicious quarry to be?'
'Him — over there. With the moustache. And you're to get him to say . . . um . . . "Let's go for a spin in my Porsche".'
'How do you know he's got one?' Camilla asked.
'He's just given the keys to the waiter. Now, what about me?'
'I know. Him. The one who came in with my man.'
'Oh no! I couldn't'
It wasn't that he was bad-looking. Quite the opposite. But he wasn't the sort of man I would have gone for — if I hadn't been wearing Emma's good-time clothes.
'Don't be such a wet. Now then, you get into conversation with him, and get him to say . . . um . . . "Christ, you've got a fabulous pair of tits".'
'Camilla! You bitch!' I said, but the words didn't sound as angry as I'd intended. If I hadn't had that glass of champagne, I'm sure I wouldn't have giggled.
'And no cheating. He's not to know you're leading the conversation round to it. Oh look — someone seems to have refilled our glasses. Shall we start?'
We walked across the room towards the two men. I noticed that they were looking in our direction, and seemed to be discussing us.
'Hello,' said the moustache, 'I'm Damian, and this is Gordon. We were just going to come over and rescue you and then the waiter administered first aid. Wish he'd do as much for us.
We introduced ourselves. There was nothing stuffy about them at all, and as the waiter was nowhere to be seen, I offered Gordon my glass. He looked a little surprised, but took it, which I felt marked him out as mine.
'Let's get out of the noise;' he said, 'I think it'll be a bit quieter through here.'
We went into a sort of conservatory, and sank into a couple of soft leather armchairs. The slither of my clothes against the cushions was like a caress. In the background, I thought I heard Camilla saying 'What car do you drive?' I didn't catch Damian's answer. In the conservatory it was darker, and there were tall palms screening us from view.
As if from nowhere, Gordon produced a nearly-full bottle of Krug and two clean glasses.
'Emergency supplies,' he explained, pouring us each a glass. As he turned away to put the glass down, I made sure that Emma's dress was doing its job. When he looked up again, my cleavage was well to the fore. He opened his eyes and his mouth, but before he could say anything, Camilla came in with a small bowl of salted almonds.
'Would you like a salted almond, Sophie?' she asked. 'Damian is just going to take me for a spin in his Porsche. Don't wait up.' And she left. I took a sip of champagne and wondered where I went from there. Suddenly, I felt something soft brushing my calf. I gasped, and some of the wine went down the wrong way. Gordon was next to me in a flash.
'Don't worry, it was only the cat,' he said, pointing to a Persian tom who was now strolling off through the door to join the rest of the party.
'I'm afraid I've spilled some champagne,' I said. 'Do you have a handkerchief I could use?'
'I've got just the thing,' said Gordon, producing an enormous cream silk handkerchief from his pocket. 'Where did you spill it?'
I wasn't subtle, but I didn't want to be the only one eating salted almonds that night.
'Just there,' I answered brightly, pointing to my breasts.
Gordon nodded, as if to say that he quite understood, and then, with a trust-me-I'm-a-doctor air, he pushed the top of my dress down very slightly. His hands were warm. He bent closer, and gently brushed the handkerchief across my breasts. The feel of the silk reminded me very pleasantly of the other silk that I was wearing. I crossed my legs, and shivered.
'Are you cold?' asked Gordon. 'We must make sure you're quite dry.' He knelt beside me, and very slowly brushed the handkerchief across my breasts again. Then he began to rub me, slowly and rhythmically, and I could feel the warmth of his hand being diffused by the silk, and spreading langorously through the whole of my body. He gently rolled the top of my dress down a little further, and continued to stroke me as I lay there. Emma's dress was so soft and clinging that it was perfectly clear that my nipples were stiffening. It seemed to me that they were sticking out like organ-stops, but Gordon didn't seem to notice.
'Well, if he doesn't come out with Camilla's line now, he never will,' I thought to myself.
'There, all dry now,' said Gordon, standing up (although not quite straight, I noticed). 'You've had a nasty shock. Can I refill your glass?'
I looked up at him. I looked at chestnut hair, green eyes, and a mouth that curved with hidden laughter. What the hell, I thought. Even if I can't get him to say it, there are other ways of having fun.
'What I'd *really* like is a cup of coffee,' I said. He nodded, and left the conservatory. I smoothed down my dress, and tried to remember all the things my mother had told me about strangers. Fortunately, I couldn't remember any of them. Gordon came back.
'I'm afraid there appears to be no coffee to be had,' he said seriously, looking me straight in the eye. 'However, I know a 24-hour place that does a very good cup. Shall we go?'
I agreed.
I said 'I think I know the place you mean.'
'We'll have to take a cab,' said Gordon. 'I'm afraid Damian has my Porsche tonight.'
Outside, the night air was warm. A cab drove past, and Gordon flagged it down, giving the driver an address in Kensington. In the cab, Gordon put his arm around me.
'It's a chilly evening, and I would hate you to catch cold,' he explained. I leaned against him. The cab pulled up outside a mansion block, and we got out. We took the lift to the top floor, and Gordon opened the door with a key.
'Is this the place?' I asked.
'Yes,' said Gordon. 'I'll just go and get you the coffee. Unless you'd like a little champagne. I —

turn to page 34



'I'LL MAKE YOU AN OFFER...'

Mayfair has cost £1.50 for two full years. However this month we've had to raise the price to £1.75.

But here's my offer. I'll let you have a year's subscription at our old price of £20. That is well below the bookstall price. I'll also send you our next world-beating *Best of Mayfair* Collector's Edition. Each issue comes to you print fresh and pre-publication in a plain envelope.

Inside, you'll find the cars and collectables, the humour and the heart-stopping girls that make *Mayfair* Britain's biggest-selling men's magazine.*

Mayfair makes a great gift. Why not send it to a friend? Just write your message on the gift card and I'll send it to the recipient with the first subscription issue.

Pat Asquith

*Audit Bureau of Circulations Jun/Dec 1988

ORDER FORM

To Subscriptions, Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me 12 issues of Mayfair beginning with Vol . . . No . . .

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

PLEASE SEND A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO:

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

Beginning with Vol . . . No . . . . Please fill in your own name and address.

I enclose a cheque/PO payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, or debit my Access/American Express account no . . . . We also welcome telephone orders from credit card customers. Ring 01 242 1593 between 9.30am and 5pm and ask for Credit Card Sales.

We offer a great deal for foreign subscribers too. A subscription from any overseas address costs £30 Sterling, but look at these local currency prices all of which are well below bookstall rates.

AUSTRIA 600 A SCH/ BELGIUM 1750 B FR/ GERMANY 100 DM/ HOLLAND 100 FL/ FRANCE 300 FR/ SPAIN 5000 PTAS/ SWITZERLAND 70 S FR/ NTH AMERICA US $45. M24/1

BEST WISHES

Give a subscription as a present. Write your personal message to him on the slip above and we'll ensure he gets it with the first month's issue

Surely it was the night **ALI** *proved he was the greatest when he whupped* **SMOKIN' JOE** *in Manila.*

No, never... **TONY ZALE** *v.* **ROCKY GRAZIANO.** *It wasn't a fight, it was a war.*

Come on, nothing can equal
the **LEONARD, DURAN** *rematch.*

Some **CLASSICS** *are beyond debate.*

classic
Carlsberg
Export
strong lager

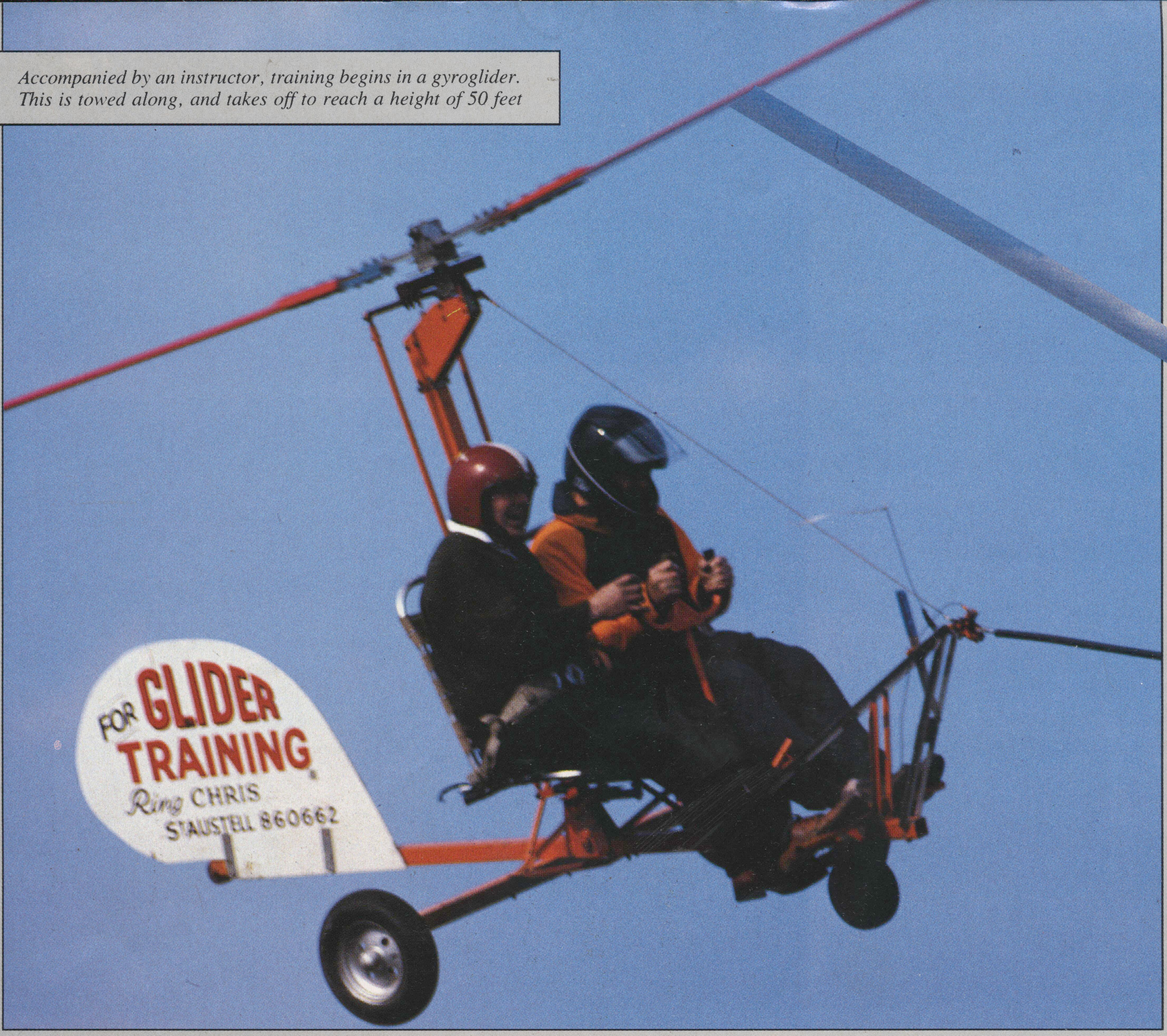
Evaline

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

Nineteen-year-old Evaline Merrill regards herself as very unfashionable, and is very proud of the fact. 'I honestly think I'd have felt much more at home 20 years ago,' says this 34-22-34 inch music student from the New Forest. 'Most of the people I grew up with only want to do well. Appreciating what you are inside doesn't seem to matter to them. One boy I knew kept asking me out, saying he wanted to drive me up to London in his Porsche, buy me dinner in *La Gavroche* then dance the night away in *Stringfellows*. I said, "That's lovely, but *you*'re still boring!" He couldn't understand why I wasn't impressed.' Perhaps not surprisingly we found Evaline singing for her supper in a London bistro.

'It supplements my grant,' she explains. 'And I really enjoy it.' She's also busked in London's Tube system. 'I don't believe in sponging,' she insists. 'I just seem to need less than most other people I know.' Her modelling debut will buy her time to work on more of her own music — bittersweet ballards in the Suzanne Vega mould — 'mainly about old boyfriends, though they wouldn't recognise themselves — I hope! I'd love the songs to be well-known, but I'd hate to be famous myself.'

Nudity presented no problems. 'If people like my body, or even get turned on, that's fine,' she says. 'I've never been shy.'



Accompanied by an instructor, training begins in a gyroglider. This is towed along, and takes off to reach a height of 50 feet

JOIN THE ROTARY CLUB

Photographed by Robert Coultas

Piloting an autogyro is true seat of the pants flying. It looks like a helicopter, but costs a fraction of the price. For as little as £8,000, you can have your own aircraft, which will take off in less than 100 yards and whisk you around at 90mph

It looks like a helicopter but has more in common with a windmill. It dates back to 1923 but most people will remember the aircraft from its appearance in the James Bond film *You Only Live Twice*, where its nifty aerobatics got the better of several helicopters.

This unusual aircraft is called an autogyro or gyrocopter. They share with helicopters, the device of two large rotating blades, but their flying methods are very different. Unlike a helicopter, the blades on an autogyro are pitched permanently at between one and three degrees, and are free swinging, not powered by an engine. When an autogyro is about to take off, the motorised propellor at the rear of the aircraft, moves it forward. As it goes faster, the airflow arising from its forward motion, presses against the rotor blades from below and causes them to revolve. The combination of lift developed at right angles and drag in direct opposition to the airflow, lifts the autogyro into the air.

Unlike an autogyro, a helicopter gets off the ground when the air is forced down through the engine powered blades. This aircraft also has an anti-torque tail rotor fitted. This prevents the main fuselage spinning, and gives directional control. The angle of the main rotor blades continuously changes to vary the amount of lift produced, especially when the helicopter comes to hover. Tilting the main rotor forward, forces the air downward and backward, and moves the helicopter through the sky.

What makes the autogyro so useful, is the fact that it has many of the capabilities of the helicopter, but at a fraction of the cost. In fine weather conditions, for example, the normal

Prior to take off, the autogyro's rotors are pulled back to allow the wind to speed them up to around 300rpm

Strapped in safely, the autogyro pilot taxies along the runway before getting lift off

Cross country flights to distant airfields form part of the pilot's training. Right, up and away after a smooth take off

take off distance is 100 yards. However, in a 20 to 25 knot wind, and using a pre-rotator spin up (a device which temporarily transmits power from the engine to the rotors and is disengaged just before lift-off) it is possible to take off almost vertically.

Landing can be accomplished within 30 feet, or none at all; and with the latest Rotax light-weight engines, climbing rates of over 1,000 feet a minute are possible.

Unlike a conventional aeroplane, the autogyro cannot stall or spin. Even if engine failure occurs, the nose of the aircraft can be gently eased forward allowing the rotor blades to continue spinning while the air passes up through them. Prior to landing, the rotor acts as a huge brake allowing the aircraft to land normally.

A Spanish designer and pilot by the name of Cierva, was the first man to fly a rotary wing aircraft in 1923. These autogyros as he called them, resembled early fixed wing aircraft, having a similar fuselage and a tractor propeller to provide propulsion. On top of the fuselage, using a triangulated framework for support, sat the rotor blades. Once turning, the blades would produce the necessary lift like the wings of an aeroplane. Helicopters did not appear until some 16 years after Cierva's autogyro. His ideas were to help later designers in their construction of the helicopter.

Ninety per cent of today's autogyros are home built. Others can be professionally constructed from around £8,000, or purchased secondhand. Pilots first used the McCulloch 4318X, four cylinder, two stroke engine. These were designed for American Air Force drone target aircraft, but were surplus to requirements. Although having an excellent 72 bhp power output, they were prone to overheating and thus caused many forced landings. Most people now use 1600cc type 3 Volkswagen car engines. These were bored out to 1835cc and fitted out with a magneto. Although reliable these engines are twice as heavy as McCulloch's, so flight performance tends to suffer.

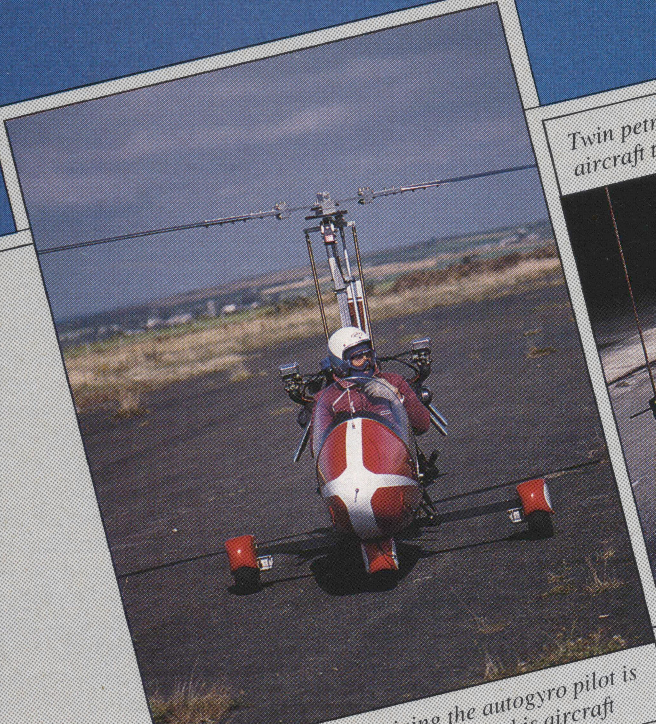
In the last couple of years, the Rotax 532 water cooled, twin cylinder, two stroke engine has come onto the market. This unit is light weight, and has a strong 64 bhp power output. Being water cooled, it's very reliable for cross country flying.

At present, there are very few qualified autogyro instructors. Learning to fly an autogyro requires 35 hours of intense training. The trainee pilot first has to complete an introduction flight on a gyro-glider. This is an engineless autogyro towed along the runway attached to a motor vehicle by a length of cable. This enables the aircraft to fly to a height of 50 feet, while the instructor in the twin-seater gyro-glider administers the necessary instruction prior to powered flight. Fifteen hours flying comes next in fixed-wing aircraft, taking the student up to solo standard. Once this is achieved, the aspiring gyronaut finally gets strapped into his own aircraft and is slowly introduced to the ways of flying autogyros.

Ten hours training then follows which instructs the pilot how to handle the rotor, rotor spin-up and taxiing. Further circuit training is then undertaken to teach the gyronaut how to take off and land correctly from 1,000 feet. A final 10 hours flight time is obtained in either an autogyro or fixed wing aircraft. During this period, written examinations have to be passed in aviation law, meteorology, navigation and gyroplane techonology. Finally before the pilot is granted his licence, he or she also has to complete map-reading exercises flying to distant airfields.

Aviation regulations governing autogyro flying are quite flexible. If a pilot wishes to fly from a convenient field near his home to visit a friend for tea, he can take off and fly there as long as the person he is visiting doesn't live in a built-up area, and has a big enough garden for the autogyro to land in. However if a pilot is planning to fly in controlled air-space, he has to register his flight, and complete a flight plan with his local Air Traffic Control centre. Insurance is not normally required, but most pilots take out some form in case of accidents. Not surprisingly, no risks are taken with the construction of the aircraft. The rotor head is attached to the airframe by a bolt called the 'Jesus bolt.' No tempting fate here. This piece of equipment is 20 times stronger than it needs to be. The rotor blades of autogyros were originally made from wood. Later aluminium was used. This was bonded and riveted for extra strength. Nowadays, composite materials such as carbon fibre are used because they are extremely strong. During acceptance tests in America for this type of blade, cars were driven over them to test their strength. Dead turkeys were even thrown into the blades at full throttle to simulate a bird flying into them.

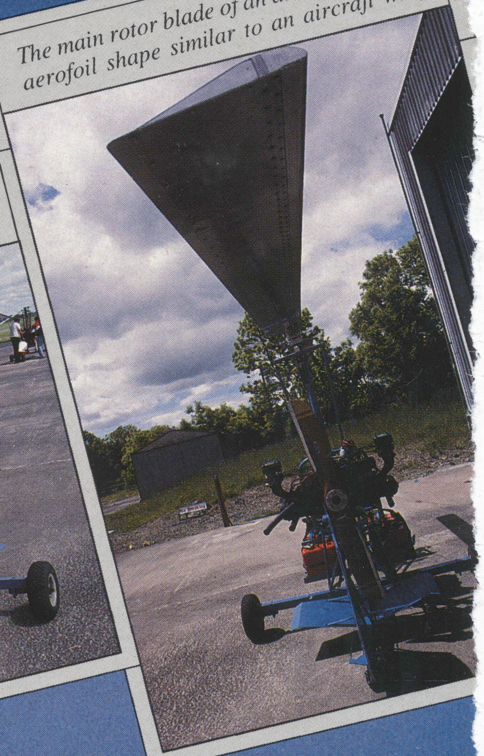
If a pre-rotator is not fitted to the aircraft, the pilot has to rotate the blades by hand, until the air

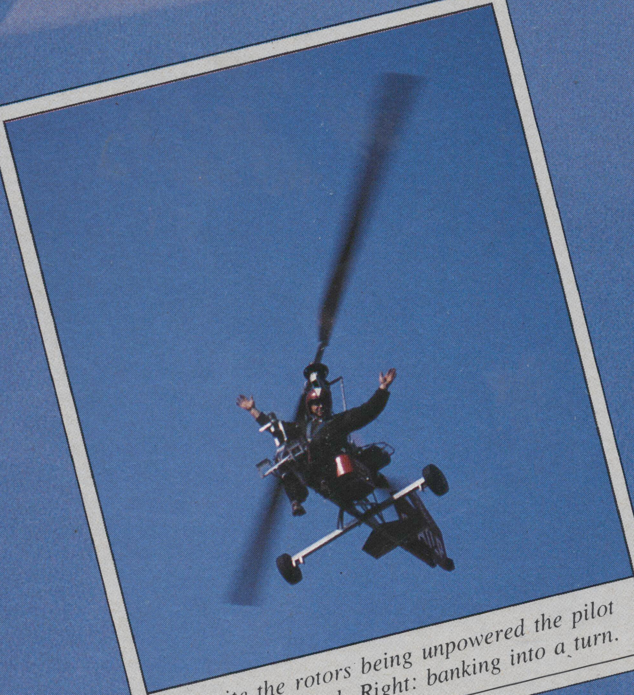


After 35 hours of training the autogyro pilot is ready to at last take to the sky in his aircraft

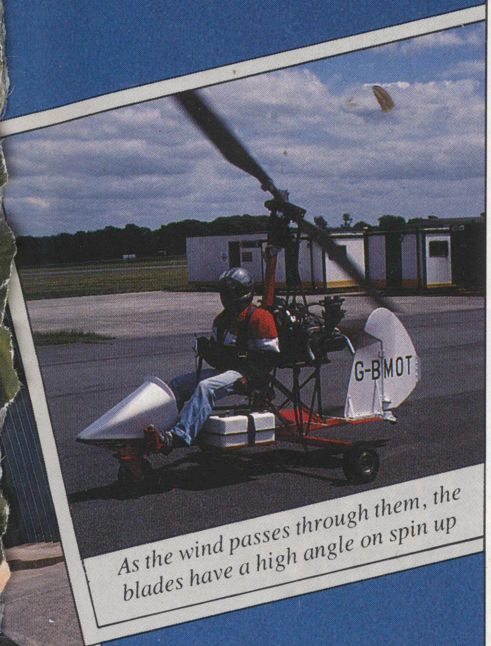
Twin petrol tanks on this autogyro, enable the aircraft to go on long cross country flights

The main rotor blade of an autogyro has an aerofoil shape similar to an aircraft wing





Despite the rotors being unpowered the pilot has total control. Right: banking into a turn.



As the wind passes through them, the blades have a high angle on spin up

passes up through them. Once the pilot is strapped in, the autogyro is slowly powered forward until the rotors reach 300 rpm. The engine is then given full throttle, before accelerating forward and leaving the ground.

The advantages of flying an autogyro compared to other types of aircraft are numerous. It weighs very little, has low purchase and maintenance costs and good off-engine capabilities. Modern day pilots fly single seat, high performance sports aircraft, and also twin seat autogyros, which have just come onto the market.

The most famous autogyro is *Little Nellie*, flown by her designer Ken Wallis in the James Bond film, *You Only Live Twice*. Ken has around 20 of these aircraft, and carries out over 30 public flying displays a year. The army has shown an interest in his aircraft, and been testing them out for various duties. Being easily portable, they can carry out roles such as aerial reconnaissance and communications. The aircraft are even capable of carrying air-to-air rockets and mini-guns which can fire up to a 1,000 rounds of ammunition a minute.

Other uses for autogyros include pollution surveillance, pipeline inspection, police work, traffic reports, mineral exploration, agricultual surveys, and crop spraying, all at very economical costs.

On July 3, 1987, an autogyro, pilot Jim Montgomerie from Ayrshire, successfully completed the longest sea crossing by this type of aircraft. He flew from Scotland to Ireland and then to the Isle of Man, before completing the final leg to Cranfield in England. Unfortunately for the record-breaking pilot, a certain Richard Branson was also flying that day, and Jim's achievement went unnoticed by the press when Mr Branson decided to go for a swim.

Achievements like these demonstrate the immense potential for such an aircraft. It's an intriguing thought to note that for the price of a modern day saloon car, you too could have your own aircraft waiting to take you to the skies.

Most pilots in Britain, use a type 3 Volkswagen car engine in their autogyros. This one has been bored out to 1835cc. Note, the throttle lever to the left, in the neat cockpit area.

Salted Almonds

continued from page 18

they — happen to have a half-bottle in the fridge.'

'That would be lovely,' I said.

It was warm in the flat. I kicked off my shoes, and turned to look out of the window, so I didn't hear Gordon come back into the room. A hand came round my waist, holding a glass of champagne. I took it. The hand stayed there. Another hand came round my waist. He started to stroke me, slowly palpating my breasts, my belly, my thighs. I closed my eyes and threw my head back onto his shoulder, and very gently he nipped my throat with his teeth, running a long kiss from my throat to my ear. He slid his hands up, and, resting his palms on my hips, began to rub the dress against the silk of my panties. I felt the two fabrics glide against each other, caressing me unbearably. I dropped the champagne.

'Not your day, is it?' said Gordon. 'Here, let me help. Now, if you just put your arms like *that* — there!'

I was naked except for my panties and stockings, and the dress lay like a pool of ink about my feet on the floor. I turned towards him and gasped. He was completely naked. I didn't know where to look, but eventually settled for his eyes.

'Well, it's the only compliment a girl can really believe, isn't it?' he said laconically, as he drew me to him. I goggled at the dress on the floor.

'How did you do that?' I asked.

'Oh, I used to know a girl called Emma who had a very similar dress,' he replied, and crushed his lips to mine.

His hands explored me wherever I was naked. Less gentle than before, he began to knead my breasts, then very gently began to tongue around my nipples, lightly flicking them with the very tip of his tongue, until I gasped again. And again. Then, as I felt myself slipping backwards, Gordon caught me, and I fell into his arms.

'You'll never get a cab at this time of night,' he said. 'Can I offer you a bed for the night?'

'You bastard,' I said. 'Which way?'

'Not that one,' he said. 'That's Damian's. Mine is that way.'

The bedroom walls were covered with cream silk paper, and the giant double bed had a cream satin duvet on it. Gently Gordon led me to it. I poured myself in, and Gordon dimmed the light, then got in beside me. I moved slightly, and felt the satin of the bed rustling against my silk stockings and my panties. I moved again, lazily spreading and closing my legs, and gently moving my bottom to and fro. A warm sensation spread through my body. I sighed, and closed my eyes. I was aware of Gordon's hand moving down the bed, and coming to rest again at the top of my thigh. Very, very slowly he began to rock his thumb against the gusset of my panties. I tried to move my bottom in time to his rhythm, but he would stop, breaking the rhythm, and leaving me stranded. I felt like a rubber ball dropped by a child, except that each bounce left me higher than before, but still not quite high enough. I tried to grind myself against his hand, but the sheets were so slippery that I could exert no force. I was sopping, and his hand was gone.

'I think you will feel more comfortable without them,' said Gordon, and I took off my knickers. I felt stupefied almost drugged. Suddenly I became aware of the tiniest of sensations, a pinprick of pleasure, so fine I could hardly tell where I felt it. It was repeated. I turned to Gordon.

'What's that?' I asked.

He did not reply, but showed me a fine silk thread knotted at three-inch intervals. Slowly, and with infinite care, he drew it up between my legs. As the first knot touched my clitoris, I felt the electric charge again. Then the next knot hit me, and the next. I started to slide my bottom again, trying to catch the rhythm.

'Don't move!' said Gordon.

Again the seesawing sensations, as knot after knot after knot bumped over me. I screwed my eyes tight and opened my mouth to let out a soundless cry, and arched my back high off the bed. Instantly, the silk thread was drawn away, and as I lowered myself, I found the pillow had been placed beneath the small of my back. Without warning, I felt myself filling and filling, and Gordon was sliding effortlessly into me, gorging me, his face inches from my own.

'Oh my God, Gordon! Stop! *Stop!*' But the words didn't come out, and I opened and closed my mouth noiselessly. For a long moment Gordon did not move. Then the feeling started again, growing stronger. I looked down. Gordon was still pushing, his length not yet fully buried in me. Finally, as he lay there filling me, he began to move his body to and fro, moving in and out by only the tiniest amount, and pushing with a little thump every time he re-entered. The pillow beneath me tilted my pelvis towards him, presenting my clitoris upwards to meet the strokes, a tiny anvil to be hammered with every sweet gentle blow . . .

It had to stop. I was flinging my arms wide, my damp hair matting my face, and sobs rising from deep within me. I tried again to speak, but all that came out was a great shuddering sigh, as my arching back lifted us both off the bed, before the tension finally snapped, and I collapsed, feeling a warm balm flooding into me, and Gordon fell across me, his face between my breasts, tears pouring down his face.

It was morning. Sunlight filled the room, warming us as we lay in bed finishing a half-bottle of champagne. Gordon turned and lightly ran a hand across my breasts.

'Christ, you've got a fabulous pair of tits,' he said.

Just then, the bedroom door opened. Damian and Camilla stood there: Camilla was naked except for a towel around her waist.

'Hello, Camilla,' said Gordon. 'Come in. I think Sophie would like to offer you a salted almond.'

'How inconsiderate, Mr Jones! Ringing at this time of night! — We could have been in bed!'

LIN'S BIRDIE

nna hven

D BY JOANIE ALLUM

The last eighteen months have been some of the most memorable in the history of British golf. Nick Faldo emerged as a major force, reaching the final play-off in the US Open, Sandy Lyle won the US Masters and topped the highest money-winning list for most of the year, and Britain's Ryder Cup team did the unthinkable by beating the Americans on their own soil. The Captain of that Ryder Cup team was former British Open Champion, Tony Jacklin, but that victory was not the only thing to put him in the headlines. For one week Jacklin's name appeared every day, not on the back pages but the front, as teenager Donna Methven claimed that the golf star had taken her virginity, despite being more than twice her age. The tabloid press pounced, and the Golfer and the Teenage Virgin story was set to become one of the biggest of the year. Whilst Jacklin never attempted to deny it, ex-waitress Donna had to put up with being alternatively labelled 'sweet and innocent' and 'a

real raver' as the story took off. According to the papers, the three month affair began when Jacklin was playing in a pro-celebrity match, and was served by young Donna with a glass of champagne. Lonely, following the recent death of his wife, Jacklin asked her for a date. She accepted and Jacklin took her to his room at the *Churchill Hotel*. Donna told *The Sun*, 'He was kissing me and then he let his robe slip off, and pushed me on the bed. He was so kind and gentle, and promised he would not hurt me.' After they made love, Jacklin arranged for a cab to take her home. 'I didn't feel at all ashamed' said Donna. This encouter was followed by a four-day holiday in Bournemouth where she said they walked along the beach and had sex in a king-sized bed every day. 'He was fun to be with,' she insisted. 'He had a good body and was proud of it.' In the next few weeks Donna spent more and more time with Jacklin, even staying at his Spanish villa. For two weeks Donna enjoyed the sun, beaches and a passionate fortnight of frollicking by the swimming pool and even in the shower. Donna told the papers that Jacklin even talked of marriage. However, the affair was not to last and a deeply upset Jacklin wrote her a note saying that it was all over. He said of Donna, 'This young lady came on the scene at a time when I was at my lowest ebb . . . I was trying to work things out in my own way.' Jacklin now goes out with 37-year-old Norwegian model, attractive Astrid Waagen.

Now Donna, who lives in Farnham near Guildford and went to Heath End Secondary School, wants to work as a model or in TV. For fun, she enjoys meeting friends in Farnham's *Borelli's* bar, and admits to preferring older men. 'Perhaps I'll find another one soon,' she adds.

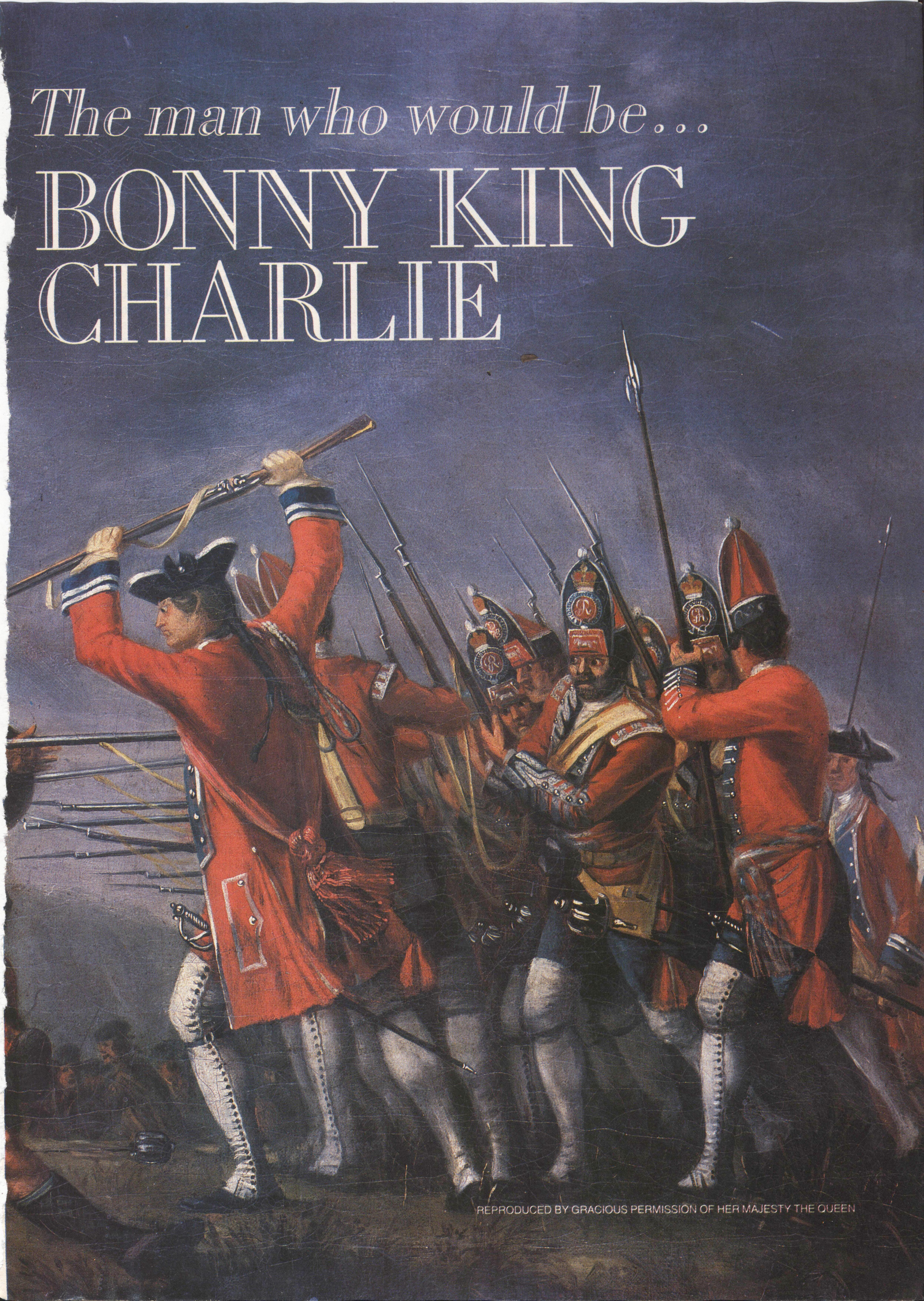
Just 200 years ago died a fat, grumpy drunkard. Few would have recognised Bonnie Prince Charlie. He had good claim to the thrones of Scotland and England, but his hopes collapsed amid the carnage of Culloden

Initially, the two armies faced each other across a marshy gap about 1,200 yards wide, the Highlanders, or Jacobites, around the village of Tranent, the British, or Hanoverians, a little to the south-east of Prestonpans, a hamlet some 11 miles to the east of Edinburgh. But it was dusk now and there would be no battle until the next day, September 21, 1745.

One of the Highlanders, Robert Anderson, was the son of the local laird, and knew from hunting expeditions of a good track through the bog, moving west and north of Tranent, which would bring them round onto the enemy flank under cover of darkness. The Jacobite commander promptly decided to use this ploy and his army moved out at 4 am as silently as was possible, picking their way across the firm ground through what has been variously described as a bog or a morass. At daybreak they were spotted and alarm broke out in the British camp, but the

By Gerald Rawling

The man who would be...
BONNY KING CHARLIE

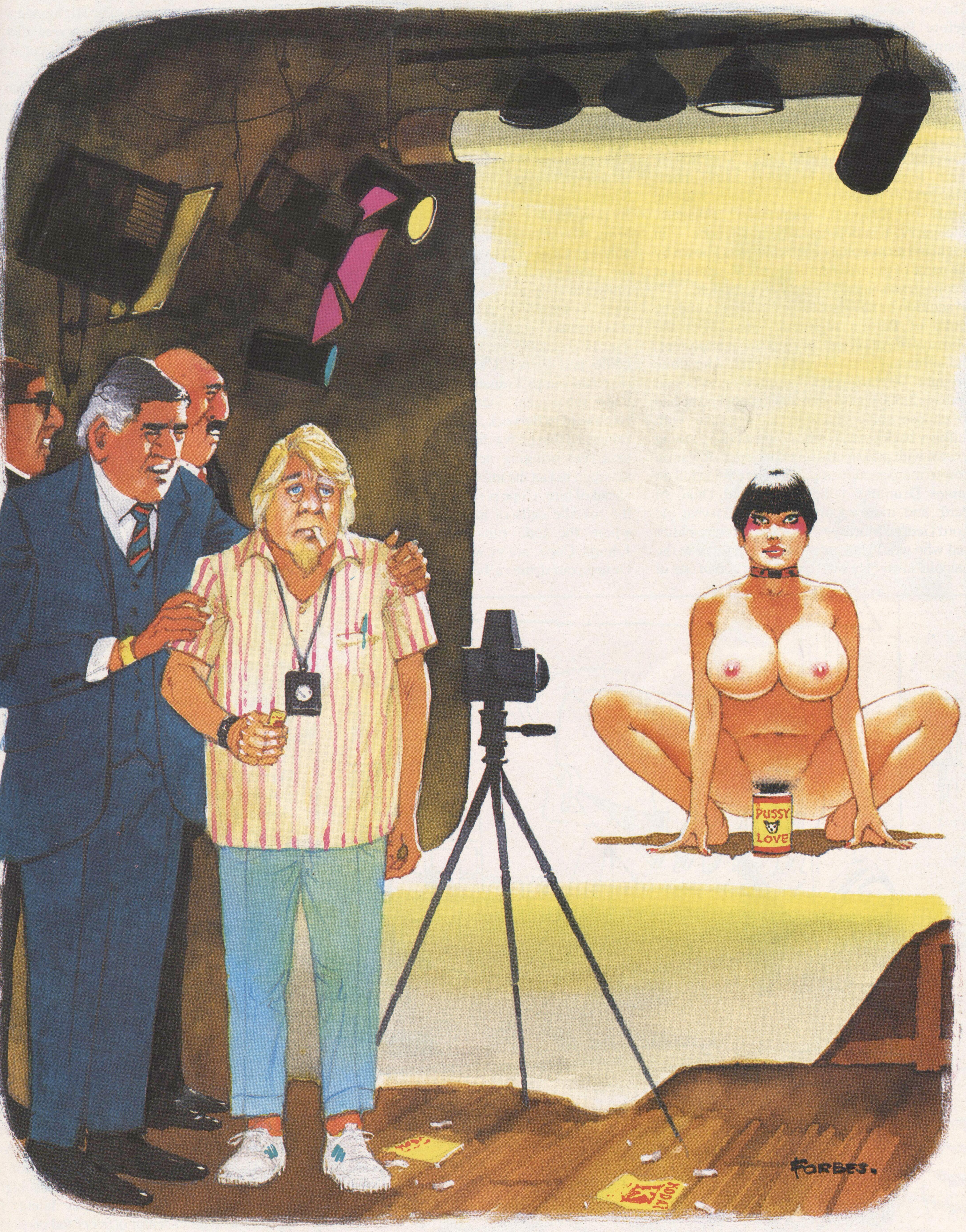


REPRODUCED BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Prince Charles wearing the Jacobite emblem

Highlanders were only 500 yards away and instantly charged.
The British commander, General Sir John Cope, has not come down to us as a great military leader, but his troops, particularly his artillery and two regiments of cavalry, were all extremely raw, and he did his best to wheel his lines into new positions to face an attack of an almost primitive ferocity, which few of his soldiers had ever seen before. The Highlanders fired their muskets — if they had them — and then drew their claymores and dirks to charge in amongst the enemy, while those who had not even swords (and there were a great many) followed the instructions of one Captain MacGregor of the Duke of Perth's Regiment and tied scythe blades to the tops of long poles. With these they achieved dreadful executions amongst Cope's cavalry, and, according to a contemporary writer, cut 'the legs of the horses in two; and their riders through the middle of their bodies.'
Those armed with claymores aimed for the noses of the horses rather than the riders — and, once the horse reared in panic, the unseated rider was despatched with ease.
It is doubtful whether the result of the action was in doubt for more than five minutes, for the untrained cavalry fled the field in panic with the infantry close behind them. The route which Cope's army took in its hasty retreat from the field is known to this day as Johnny Cope's Road. And who was the victor in this bloody engagement? He was and remains to this day one of the most romantic, adventurous and well-beloved characters in Scottish history. He was Charles Edward Louis Philip Sylvester Casimir Maria Stuart, better known to Whigs and Hanoverians as the Young Pretender — and better known to the Jacobites, and history in general, as Bonnie Prince Charlie.
There can be very few people in the United Kingdom who have not heard of Bonnie Prince Charlie, but what do they know about him? He is usually regarded as a dashing, young and chivalrous prince, who led a rebellion in Scotland to reclaim the English throne for the Stuarts: an episode recalled in songs or poems like 'Charlie, he's my darling', or the Skye boat song. There is even a Celtic lament from Robbie Burns who asked 'Will ye no' come back again?'
Most people have some memory of a highly romantic episode involving a young woman, Flora Macdonald, who helped him to escape from the Hebrides dressed as her maidservant, en route to friendly France. All of which is true enough but it is not generally known that, despite such promising beginnings, 'the young Chevalier' ended up in Rome as a cantankerous, massively overweight drunkard, who beat up his wife and occasionally raped her, while holding court in exile as King Charles I of Scotland, and King Charles III of England.
And yet his claim to those titles was at least as legitimate as Britain's existing rulers, and in 1745 brought him within 100 miles of ascending the British throne. Most authorities are agreed that on the death of Queen Anne in 1714, James II's son — another James — could have succeeded to the throne as James III, if only he would renounce Roman Catholicism and become a Protestant. But this he was not prepared to do and, accordingly, let in a succession of Georges, the first of whom was the Elector of Hanover, thus giving rise to the House of that name.
Initially, the Hanoverian Kings were not popular — they couldn't even speak English — and there was a lot of sympathy for the idea of returning a Stuart King to the throne. It was called the Jacobite Cause, with support in England but much more so in Scotland, particularly in the Highlands, which nevertheless had dedicated Whig (or Hanoverian) supporters, like the powerful Clan Campbell of Argyll. James had one fling at raising the clans in 1715, and landed in Scotland in December to find his forces already defeated at Sheriffmuir. Never a great leader of men he promptly scuttled back to the safety of France and Rome, taking with him the title of the Old Pretender, and leaving his abortive rebellion as a footnote in the history books designated 'The Fifteen'. It was his son who would put the Jacobites back on the map 30 years later in one of the most audacious adventures in history — the story of Bonnie Prince Charlie, the Young Pretender and the 'Forty-Five'.
'King James III' reigned over his court in exile in Rome with handsome stipends from the Pope (because James was a dedicated Catholic) and from successive French Kings, Louis XIV and XV (who wished to create as much embarassment as possible for their age-old enemies, the English). In fact, James III was the longest reigning 'monarch' in British history, at 64 years, outliving Queen Victoria by one year, and King George III by three. But, in the meantime, mindful of his duty to provide an heir to carry on the Stuart succession, he married Princess Maria Clementina Sobieska, a Silesian noblewoman, who brought a handsome dowry with her. The wedding took place in 1719 and produced two sons, Charles, immediately created Prince of Wales, in 1720 and Henry (Duke of York) some five years later. The two boys grew up together in the Palazzo Muti in Rome, a gift from Pope Leo XI, and were treated as royalty from the start.
It was at the age of 24 that young Charles became possessed by immortal longings, and embarked on his rash adventure to reclaim the English throne for his father. He had some loose backing from the French, although it was probably Jacobite sympathisers in Paris who provided money for the considerable quantity of muskets, broadswords and 20 small cannon which were embarked in a transport, the *Du Teillay* and an accompanying 60-gun frigate, the *Elizabeth*. Charles sailed from Nantes, but hit bad weather. Worse, he ran into a British warship, the *Lion*, which engaged the *Elizabeth* in a close range cannonade. Both vessels limped painfully home, leaving the *Du Teillay* unaccompanied to land the Prince at Eriskay, a tiny island in the Outer Hebrides, just below South Uist. Here he managed to meet the local laird, Macdonald of Boisdale, who had already contacted other chiefs, Macdonald of Sleat, Macleod of Macleod and Cameron of Lochiel, all of whom told the Prince that he had come at the wrong time and should await a more auspicious moment.
It was now that Charles showed his true mettle and the audacity which would win him a following, and make him a legend in his own lifetime. Urged by Boisdale to return home, Charles rounded on the clan chief and declared, 'I am come home, sir, and will entertain no notion of returning to that place from whence I came, for that I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me.' He then turned to the younger brother of Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, who was present at the meeting and said: 'Will *you* not assist me?' The youth, spellbound, replied with his hand on his claymore: 'I will, I will and

turn to page 46



'Great product identification, David. Unfortunately the slogan reads, ''Get your paws on it today.'''

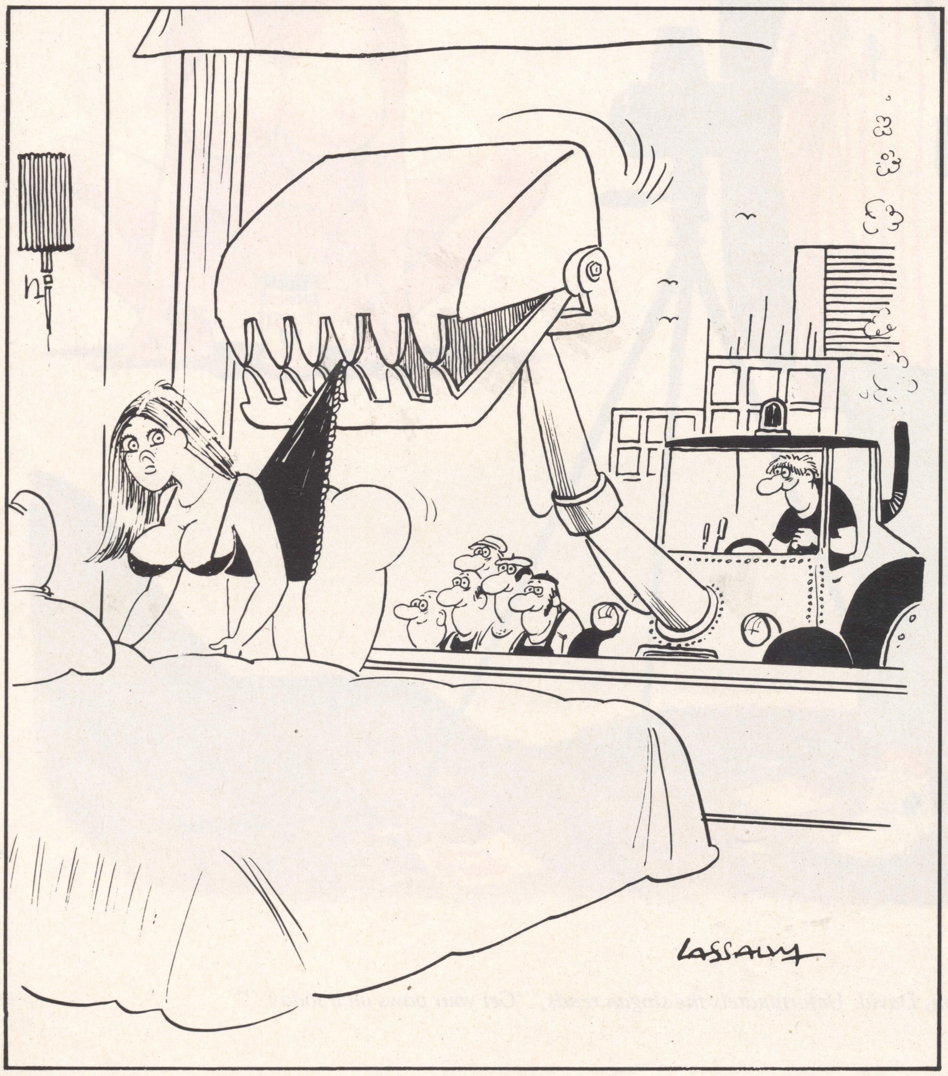
BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE
continued from page 44
though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword I am ready to die for you.' That did it for the time being, and one has to admit that Charles was very good at this sort of thing. Later, before Prestonpans, he drew his sword in dramatic fashion in front of the clansmen and said: 'Gentlemen, I have flung away the scabbard; with God's help I will make you a free and happy people!' Whatever else Charles lacked, it was not charisma.

Moving over to the mainland, he gained some powerful support from clan chiefs, who brought their regiments or followers with them. Macdonalds were strongly represented with the lairds of Keppoch, Clanranald, Boisdale, Glengarry, Kinlochmoidart and Glencoe — in Highland terminology each chief was known by the name of the area he ruled, thus Macdonald of Keppoch was known simply as Keppoch.

In addition he had the Stewarts of Appin and the Duke of Perth's regiment, along with the Murrays of Atholl and, perhaps most important, the influential Cameron of Lochiel, who alone brought 700 clansmen with him. By now he had perhaps 2,500 clansmen ready to fight and he had to choose some 'Lieutenant Generals' with military background, who could advise a young Prince with practically no experience of war on how to manage his campaign. The choice fell on James Drummond the 37-year-old Duke of Perth, and, more importantly, on the 51-year-old Lord George Murray, who was a veteran soldier and who would become the driving force in the Jacobite army. He was the younger son of one of the *two* Dukes of Atholl: one brother, William was recognised by James III's court in exile, while a second brother, James, was a staunch Hanoverian supporter and recognised by the Court of St James.

Charles now moved his army inland, heading first for Perth, and then the Stuart capital, Edinburgh, occupying both cities without major interference from government forces. Further clans had come out to support him — the Menzies, Machlachlans, Macgregors and Robertsons. In Edinburgh Charles moved straight into the Palace of Holyroodhouse and, at Mercat Cross, heralds proclaimed him Prince Regent of Scotland, and his father James VIII of Scotland and III of England.

By now Jacobite leaders were aware of Cope's army which in numbers matched their own, although Cope had two regiments of cavalry and far more artillery than the Jacobites, who mustered only a few cannon and 40 mounted men. However, the morale of the Highlanders was far superior to that of Cope's untried troops. The Highlanders were looking for their first battle and Prince Charles was eager. They marched out to Tranent to face the enemy and their subsequent victory left Cope fleeing southward to Berwick, where one of his enemies remarked that he was the first general in history to arrive bringing news of his own defeat, although in fact the information had come in well ahead of him. Cope is still remembered today in the reveille calls of many Scottish regiments where the tune runs to the refrain: 'Hey Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking (waking) yet? Or are your drums a'beating yet?' Words that commemorate the fact that his ragbag army was overrun at dawn.



Casualty figures at Prestonpans are difficult to assess, but most authorities consider that Cope lost around 500 men killed, and many more injured or taken prisoner. The Highlanders lost perhaps 30 killed. Everyone agrees that the enemy wounded and prisoners were treated with the utmost care and respect, partly out of common humanity and partly because Charles, when advised by one of his staff, 'There are your enemies at your feet', turned away with the remark, 'They are my father's subjects'. This humane treatment of enemy casualties contrasted markedly ill with the fate of the wounded at Culloden — a battle we shall come to later.

Charles was anxious to get on and invade England, although he dallied overlong in Edinburgh, and it was here that the first rift occurred between himself and his most able general, Lord George Murray. Murray understood, as Prince Charles could not, that the Highland clansmen were only really happy when they were fighting in Scotland. All previous successful encounters against the English — as at Bannockburn under Robert the Bruce — had taken place on Scottish soil, but Charles, if he had nothing else, had charm and the sheer persuasiveness of a handsome young Prince who knew what he wanted — and that was to get to London. If he could only do that, the many Jacobite sympathisers, whether in Scotland or in England, who were merely sitting on the fence, waiting to see which way the tide was running, would flock to his standard, and King George II would be taking ship for Hanover.

Thus they marched out for England. Charles wanted to take the east coast route as it was shorter, but Lord George sensibly talked him into marching through the Lowlands into Cumberland on the western side, as it now appeared that Marshal Wade with an English army was established in Newcastle. It seems that the ploy worked, since Wade sat in Newcastle, awaiting the Prince's approach while the Highlanders marched south westerly and took the city of Carlisle after a token resistance from the meagre garrison there. It is interesting to note here the reactions of the Highlanders on crossing the border. There was no bridge across the River Tweed where they crossed at Coldstream, and John Murray of Broughton, who was Prince Charles' secretary and confidant, later gave this account of their fording the river: 'It is remarkable that this, being the first time they had entered England, the Highlanders, without any orders given, all drew their Swords with one Consent upon entering the River, and every man as he landed on t'other side wheeled about to the left and faced Scotland again.'

But at Carlisle relations between the Prince and Lord George worsened. Charles accepted surrender terms from the English garrison without consulting his senior commander, relying far more on Murray of Broughton, and an Irishman called O'Sullivan, whom Charles had created Quartermaster General. An extremely proud man, Lord George resigned his commission in a huff. The Duke of Perth, who was highly popular, but of limited military talent, got together with other senior officers and persuaded Charles to reinstate him, despite the fact that the Prince had coldly accepted his resignation. But relations between the two principal leaders, never exactly warm, became decidedly cool.

The Jacobite army now moved on southward,
turn to page 54

LENA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Brown-eyed Lena Gallagher certainly knows how to use her hands. This 21-year-old from Bow in East London, loves nothing more than spending her free time painting and decorating. 'I caught the DIY bug from my father who is a plumber, and once he put a paint brush in my hand there was no stopping me,' she laughs. Lena has just decorated the bedroom of her flat, and already has the next room planned. During the day, she works as a promotions girl and gets asked to do all kinds of things. 'Once, I modelled sexy underwear, standing next to an elephant.'

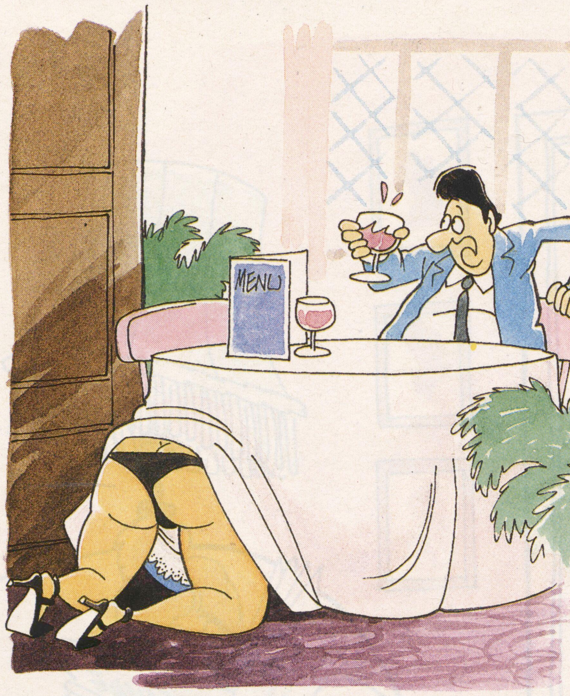
'Unfortunately, as I was posing for a group of photographers, the elephant kept trying to unhook my bra with its trunk. I nearly died with embarrassment.' She keeps her shapely 36-24-36 figure in trim with plenty of runs around parks near her home. 'I find they really relax me after a long day modelling and help build up a thirst.'

After a run, Lena can often be found in her local *The Railway* in Bow. 'It's a great place to go for a laugh and a drink, because everybody is so friendly.' Being a born and bred east-ender, she shuns the bright lights of the city and prefers a good knees up around the piano. 'You can't beat it,' she sighs. 'Besides, you get to meet a more natural type of man so long as they can sing!'

'I've invited a colleague back from the office, dear. There's a couple of important points that need urgent attention.'

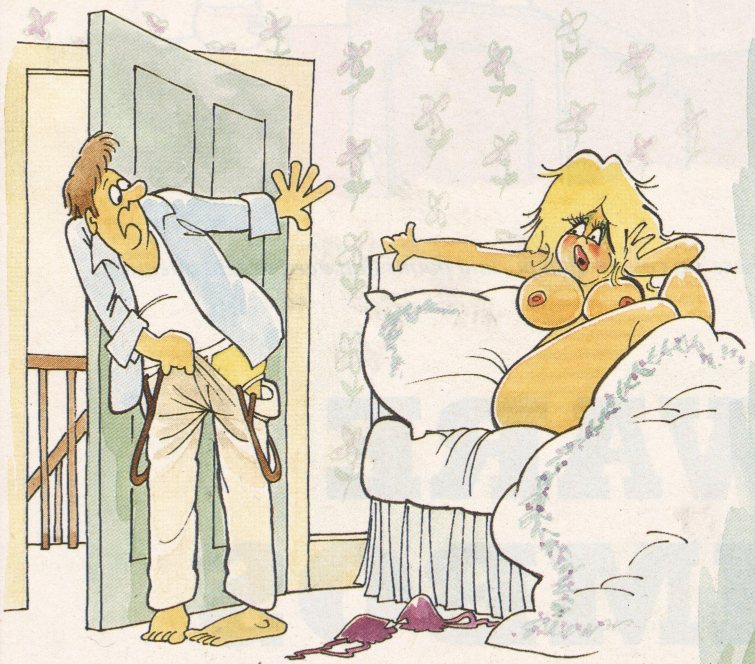
BEWARE OF BIMBOS

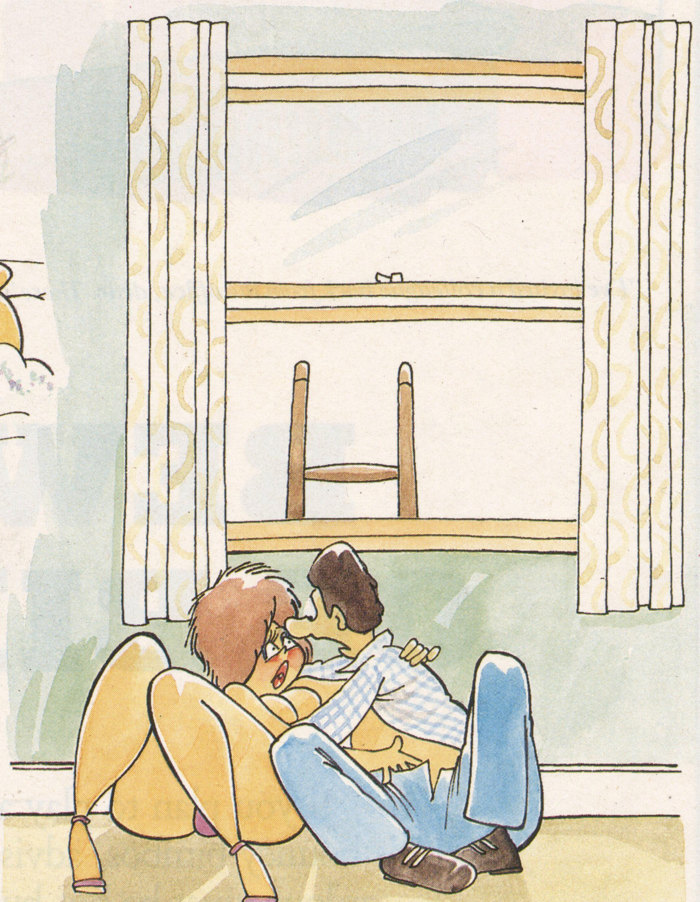
If you plan to play around with one of today's bouncy bimbos, advises cartoonist Anthony, your ardour must be hot but your nerves ice cool



'Really, Angela! My wife has only gone to powder her nose.'

'I'd better go . . . she must have finished in the bathroom by now.'





'Don't panic! She won't dare come up here if I go downstairs and tell her I'm feeling amorous.'

'We'll have to stop meeting like this . . . the chap across the road wants his ladder back.'

'I think Thelma is becoming suspicious . . . she's stopped getting her headaches.'

'She's found out about us.'

'Phew! His wife isn't the only one he's two-timing.'

BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE
continued from page 54
the process with evident enjoyment. This unflattering description was born out when Hawley's first concern on arriving in Edinburgh was to build a couple of 'mahogany gallows with silken cords', before turning his attention to the Highland army, for whom he had a profound contempt.

Charles had marched on Stirling and occupied it without difficulty, although he was unable to subdue the garrison in the inevitable castle. The two armies were now a mere 30 miles apart, and, with both sides looking for a battle, a confrontation was bound to occur. It took place at Falkirk on January 17, 1746 at about four pm on a wet and windy afternoon, getting towards dusk with icy rain pouring down on both sides, and ruining most of the cartridges for musket fire on the British side, although the Highlanders knew how to keep their powder dry, as we shall see.

Earlier in the day Lord George had advanced his troops to take the high ground, known as Falkirk Muir, before the enemy occupied it, and he was greatly assisted by the complacent General Hawley, who had installed himself at Callender House, seat of the Earl of Kilmarnock, where the loyal Jacobite hostess, Lady Kilmarnock, in the absence of her husband, did her best for the Cause by plying the General with a surplus of food and wine, followed by copious post prandial brandies. In those circumstances it was late in the day before Hawley, alarmed by subordinates, realised that the battle was on him before he was ready. He then galloped off to the battleground, hatless and having 'the appearance of one who had abruptly left a hospitable table'. He was too late to seize the high ground, but he still had the ingenuous notion that Highland troops were incapable of withstanding a cavalry charge — and he had plenty of cavalry.

The Scottish army had had more time to prepare, and were drawn up with Macdonalds (Keppoch's, Clanranald's and Glengarry's men) in the position of honour on the right, Stewarts of Appin and the Camerons on the left, with Farquharsons, Mackintoshes, Macphersons and Frasers in the centre. The Atholl men and sundry other units were in the second line with Charles, while Lord George took command of the front line.

If he arrived tardily, the hatless Hawley was still sanguine of success, and sent in his cavalry — three regiments of dragoons — against the Highland right wing, confidently believing that the clansmen would break and run at such an unnerving sight. But he was wrong. Lord George held the Macdonald muskets until the charging dragoons were 10 feet away, and then gave the order to fire. The result was catastrophic. Eighty dragoon saddles were emptied in the first volley and most of the remaining terrified cavalrymen turned and fled back to their own lines, causing extreme confusion amongst the infantry on their own left flank.

Lord George tried to hold the Macdonalds back, but their battle lust was aroused, and they chased after the fleeing cavalrymen. Then the Jacobite left wing ran round to follow up, throwing away their muskets, drawing their swords and falling on the enemy right wing — the only area where the King's troops had shown any discipline. The whole battle was over in under 20 minutes, and that evening Charles took supper in Falkirk from Hawley's stores — 'a great many hampers of good wines and liquors and other provisions.'

The defeated Hawley retreated to Edinburgh in a black mood, where he lived up to his reputation by hanging 63 of his own men for cowardice in the face of the enemy on the gallows he had erected for the Jacobites.

Prince Charles disguised as Flora Macdonald's maid, Betty Burke

With one more battle won, Charles withdrew to the northern capital, Inverness, but night was falling on the Jacobite campaign with disaffection among the men, who were unpaid and hungry, constantly drifting off for days at a time in search of food, while Lord George and the chiefs were ill at ease with their Prince, largely through the machinations of Charles' Irish friends, notably O'Sullivan. Indeed, by now, Lord George was resolved on a war of attrition — that is to say a long guerilla type campaign, hitting at the British when they were at a disadvantage, but not meeting them on their own ground. Charles, unfortunately took the opposite view, and was determined for a final pitched battle. This took place on the open moor of Culloden, a site chosen not by Charles, nor Lord George, but by the egregious O'Sullivan.

By now Cumberland was back in command and nearly at Nairn, but he was in no hurry for a battle. Thus the Highlanders stood drawn up in battle order all day of April 15, 1746 without seeing the enemy, while contentious squabbles broke out between the Macdonald clansmen and Lord George, who had placed his own Atholl men in the position of honour on the right flank. For once Charles backed up his General's decision, and the highly indignant Macdonalds were posted on the left, a decision which they took as an unpardonable insult, and which did nothing to improve Scottish moral. At around midday when there was clearly no battle to be fought that day, Lord George stood the army down, and about a third of them immediately went off foraging for food — most of them had had only one biscuit to eat that day. Thus they were not available when Charles came up with his own brilliant idea for a night attack on Cumberland's position at Nairn, 12 miles away. April 15, he knew, was Cumberland's birthday, and he correctly guessed that there would be an ample issue of brandy to the troops to celebrate the royal occasion, and the whole Hanoverian army could be drunk and incapable in the small hours. The chiefs were reluctant to take on this dangerous night march, and Lord George agreed with them, until Keppoch came in with reinforcements — meaning he had rounded up some of his clansmen who otherwise would have been classed as deserters. On those grounds Lord George gave the go-ahead for the enterprise, but it turned out a fiasco. It was a dark, moonless, misty night — ideal for guerilla tactics — but there was some bad straggling, and dangerous gaps appeared in the Scottish line of march. Up ahead, Cameron of Lochiel, only two miles from Nairn, but only one hour before dawn, heard signs of movement in the enemy camp, and realised that his own troops were too tired to make a successful attack on an enemy of vastly superior numbers, whether drunk or sober. He contacted Lord George, who instantly decided to abandon the attack, and retreat to Culloden.

Charles was furious; and acrimonious scenes followed between himself and his senior officers. All were dead tired, and wanted only a few hours sleep, but the Highland chiefs, notably Lord George, Keppoch and Lochiel urged the Prince to forego an immediate pitched battle, and retreat into the mountains, where they could rest, regroup, gather in the absent foragers and attract new recruits for a fresh campaign. But Charles would have none of this. He had one further quality in his make-up, which has not so far been mentioned — arrogance. He still believed that his exhausted, starving and ragged Highlanders could overwhelm a well-nourished, well paid Hanovarian army of three times their number on a battleground, which, in every possible way, favoured the enemy. According to at least two authorities the die was cast when an Irishman, Brigadier Stapleton, taunted the chiefs with the words: 'The Scots are always good troops till things come to a crisis', and that ended the
turn to page 102

'Lochaber No More': a nineteenth century and highly romanticised view of Prince Charles' final departure from the Isles in a French ship which took him to Brittany. After Culloden he was on the run for five months with a £30,000 price on his head

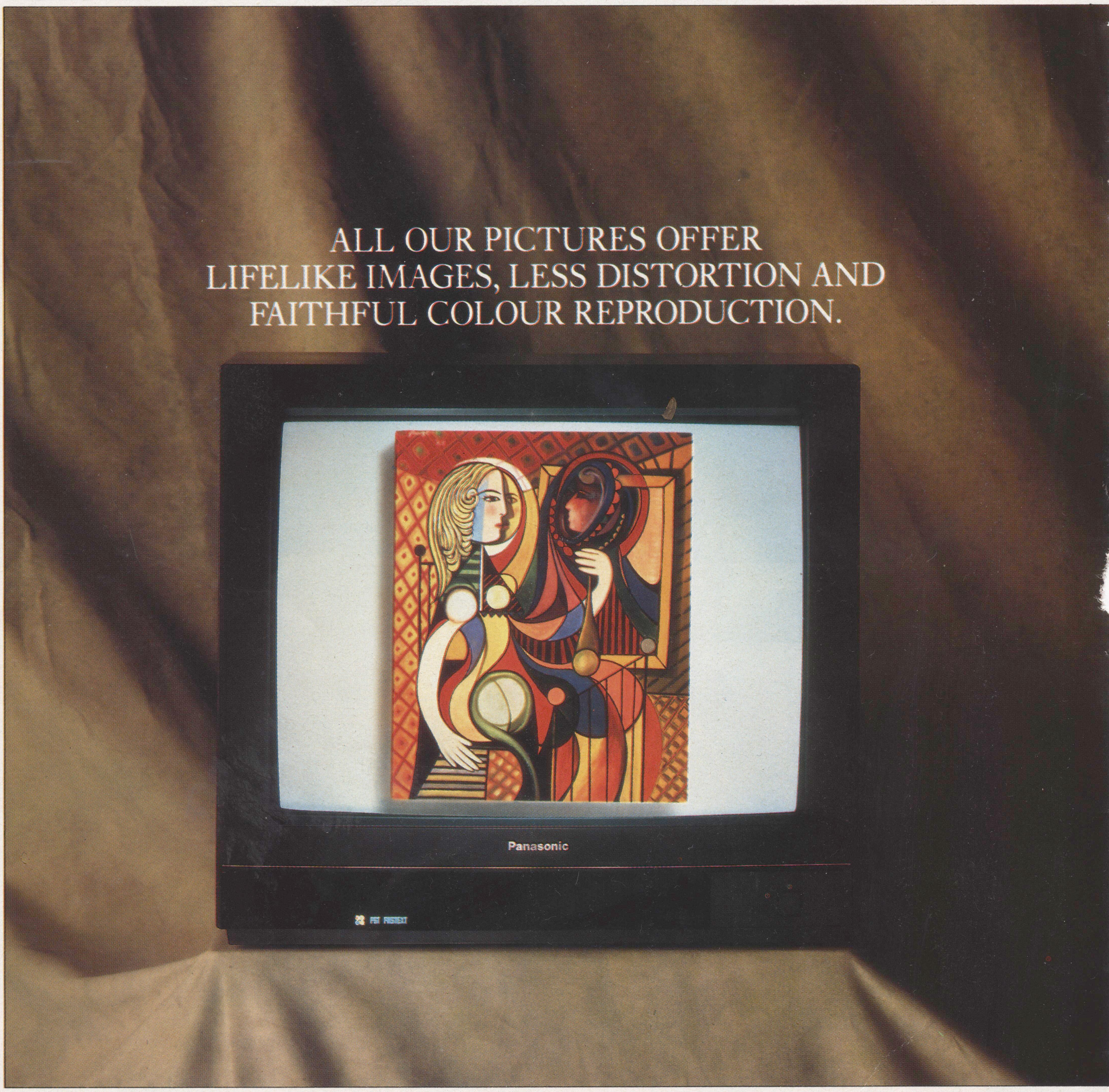
VERONICA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DONALD MILNE

If you think that 22-year-old Veronica Dolcé looks good in her red underwear, then stop her and buy some! It might prove just the encouragement she needs to take the first step towards her lifelong ambition, to set up a lingerie shop. But before you get too excited, make sure you have your passport handy. The girl who models the product so well hails from the town of Spijkenisse, near Rotterdam . . .

Amazingly, Veronica hadn't thought of modelling her 36C-24-36 figure until she ran out of money on a trip across America. This misfortune has led to offers of work from all over the world, and as well as appearing in *Mayfair*, she has made a short film for the *Playboy* cable channel, and has been bitten by the acting bug. 'I'd love to play a bitchy role like Alexis in *Dynasty*,' she says, 'Or perhaps some classical role like something by Shakespeare.'

But despite her acting ambitions, Veronica is really a country girl. Back at her Dutch home, her parents keep chickens and goats, and a horse called Bruno which she enjoys riding. It might seem strange that an underwear lover also enjoys the mucky life down on the farm. 'Oh no, I have very varied tastes, but nothing too way-out,' she maintains. On top of her lacy lingerie Veronica likes classically designed clothes, and admits to spending a fortune on outfits. And underneath? Well, judge for yourselves.



Panasonic Consumer Electronics UK, 300-318 Bath Road, Slough, Berkshire SL1 6JB. Telephone (0753) 34522.

TV picture simulated.

You won't necessarily appreciate all the pictures you get on Panasonic's new TX2 colour television.

But one thing we can guarantee in advance is that you'll always be impressed by the quality of reproduction. Because when it comes to TV pictures, most of us would still choose the real rather than the surreal.

The TX2 offers a picture that's very real indeed. It has a 51 cm screen that's both flatter and squarer. Obviously, this is perfect for the cubist effect featured in the photograph. Its main advantage, however, is that it gives the picture less reflection and less distortion.

The TX2 comes equipped not just with Teletext but also with Fastext. This enables you to key immediately into the one page you need, without that annoying wait while you skip through the 700 you don't.

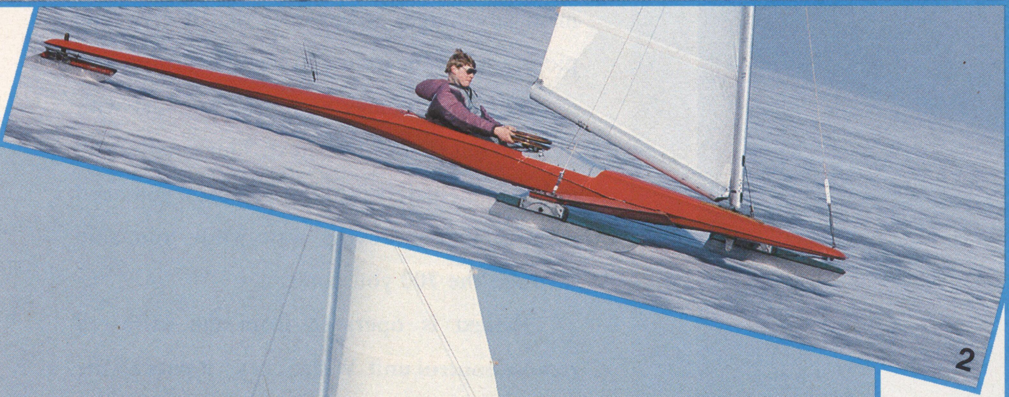
Fastext is operated from the infra-red remote control unit. With 51 keys, it puts all the channels, all the colour and all the sound literally at your fingertips.

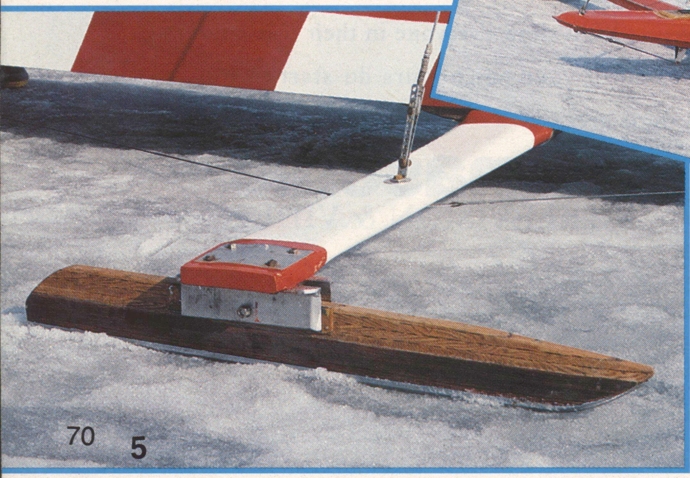
As well as state-of-the-art picture quality, the TX2 will give state-of-the-art reproduction from any video source. The set is equipped with a direct-connection 21 pin SCART socket which guarantees optimum performance with contemporary video equipment, as well as ensuring compatibility with any future developments.

Whatever your taste in art, one look at the TX2 will convince you that no-one knows more about great pictures than Panasonic.

We'll show everyone in their true colours. Even if your neighbours do start to look a little green.

Panasonic
TELEVISION & VIDEO
The State of the Art





1 A line of DN boats waiting for the starter's flag. 2 and 3 The latest Russian ice boat racing across the ice. 4 A competitor balances his runners. 5 A closer view. 6 The popular DN ice boat in full flow during competition.

Ice boat sailing is fast, furious and fun. Having already taken Russia by storm, its popularity is growing worldwide. Anders Ansar photographs these boats in action.

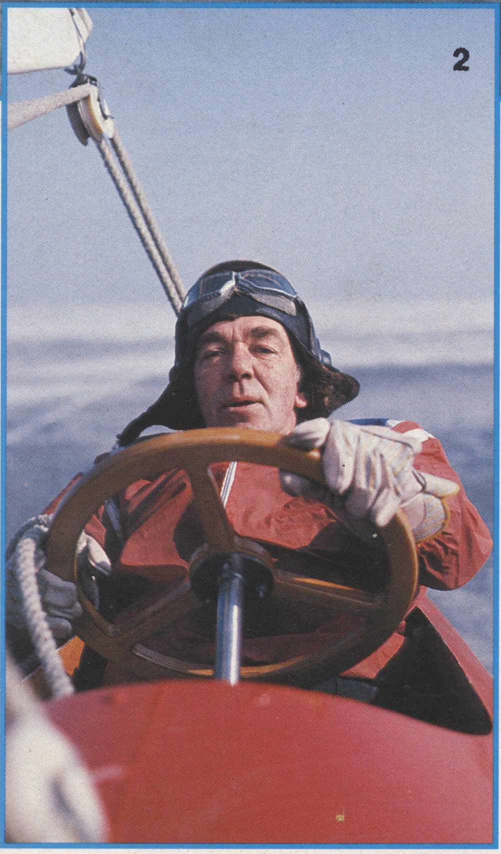
THE FASTEST SHOW ON ICE

Ice boat sailing is currently one of the fastest growing sports in Europe. Brightly coloured sail boats, mounted on blade runners, can reach speeds of up to 120 kph as they race across frozen waterways.
At the recent ice boat racing European Championships held in Leningrad, competitors from several countries including Poland and West Germany took part.
Most of the boats are privately owned and belong to the 'DN' class. These have a 6 square metre sail area and are crewed by a single person. They derive their name from the *Detroit News* newspaper, which 50 years ago arranged a design competition for people to build their own inexpensive boats.
The DN boats which can be found throughout Europe, USA and Canada, are able to travel ten times faster than a conventional yacht. It's an exhilarating sport that requires a great deal of skill and stamina.
Like tobogganists, the ice boat sailors have to push their craft along the ice before hopping into the moving boat. The skipper then has to steer the tiller in one hand, and adjust the sail position with the other. The ability to react swiftly to wind changes is important if the boat is to travel fast.
One of the major hazards the ice boat racer has to look out for is rough ice. If the boat sails into this at speed, its blade runners or 'skates' as they're known, may snap off and the boat crash.
The most modern ice boats taking part in the championships, are the Russian fibreglass/plastic crafts with an 8 square metre sail area. These boats have a top speed of 150 kph and are controlled by two wooden wheels — one for

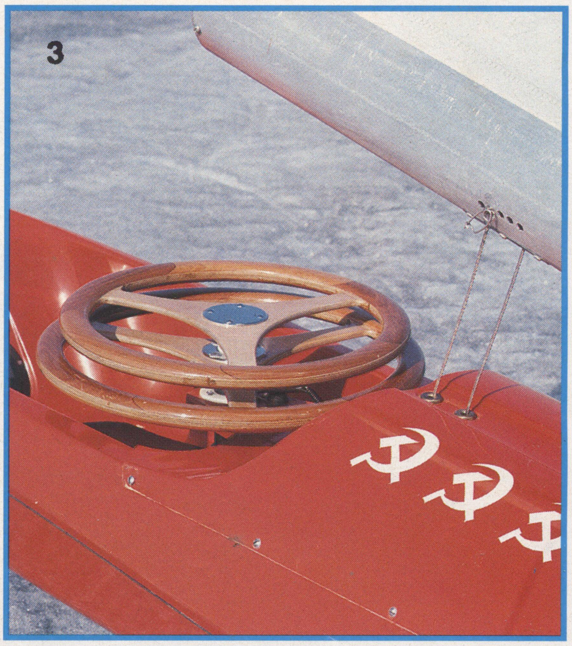
6

1

2



3

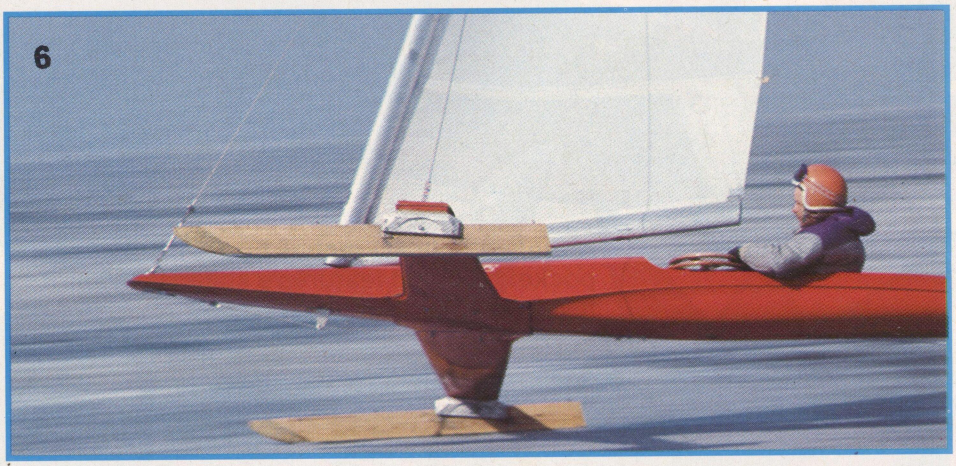


1 A competitor lifting the windward runner and balancing the yacht on two runners. 2 When crewing a fifteen square metre yacht, you face the skipper who signals when to adjust the sails. 3 The fibre glass boats have two wooden wheels to control the steering and sails. 4 A DN boat waiting on the ice. 5 A Soviet super yacht with a fixed wing sail. 6 and 7 The latest Russian ice boat. Its hull and plank are made from reinforced fibre glass plastic. With its 8 square metre sail it has a top speed of 150 kph.

steering, the other for changing the sail position. Also on view are the older two manned wooden yachts. Although these craft have a 15 square metre wing sail, they are slower than the smaller crafts, but tougher.

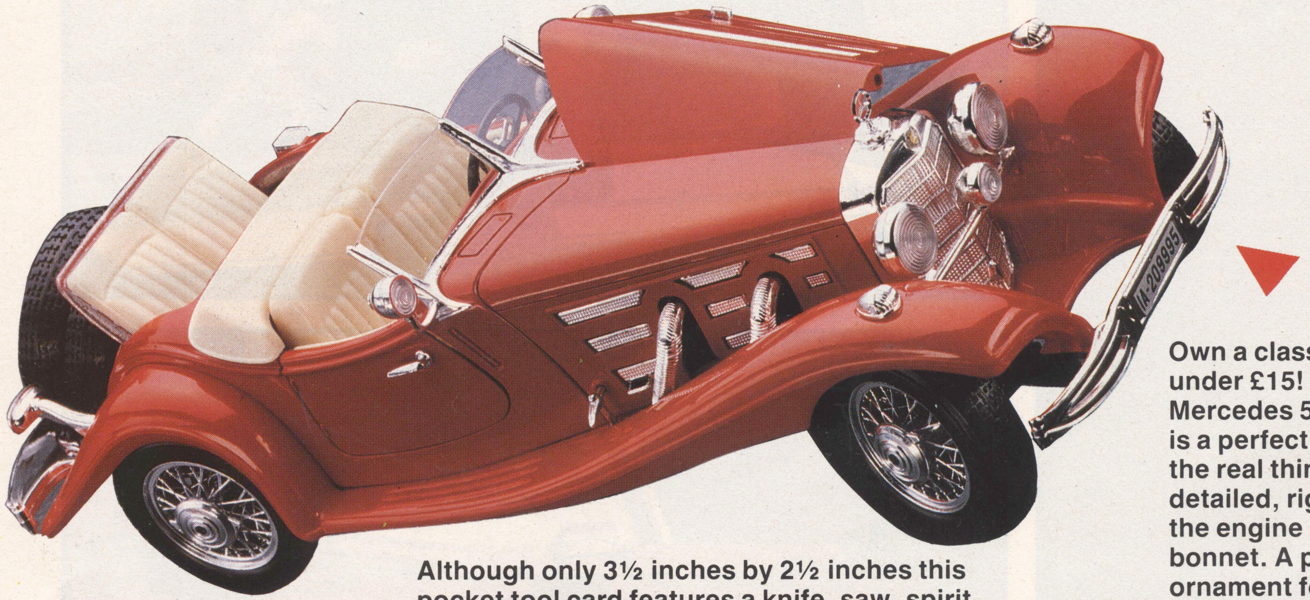
The highest speed ever recorded by an ice boat is 230 kph. This astonishing figure was achieved in a 'Super Yacht.' The two super powers are the only countries who sail these. Technically the Soviet's is more advanced. It is equipped with a solid wing sail of the same type used on the America's Cup winner Stars and Stripes. By contrast, the American yachts tend to be more conventional. Most sport a streamlined rotatable mast and sail which tends to hamper them in stiff winds because the solid wing sails have more resistance.

It's the ice boat racer's ultimate dream to see these two craft race against each other, but unfortunately this had yet to take place. When it does, you can guarantee this battle will be the fastest show on ice!



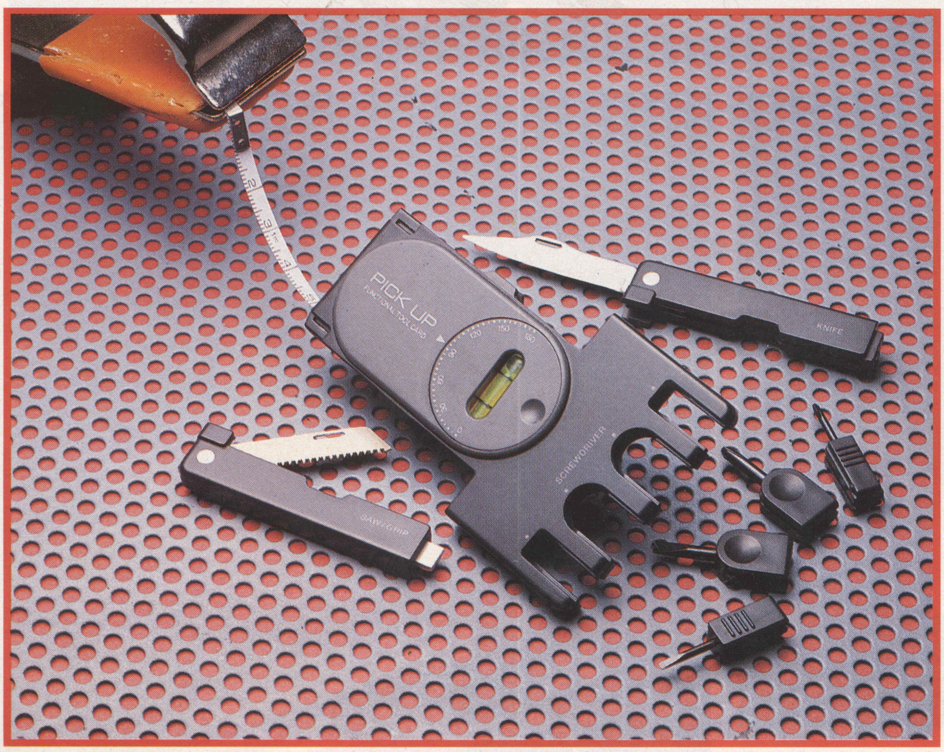
TOYS THE

Do you look blank when your girl asks what you want for your birthday? Perhaps she needs prompting just to ask. Or maybe it's time you gave yourself a treat. Whatever the reason our hand-picked selection of male-interest gifts are great value



Own a classic car for under £15! This 1936 Mercedes 500K roadster is a perfect miniature of the real thing, finely detailed, right down to the engine under the bonnet. A perfect ornament for any man's study, this model is 1/18th scale and measures approximately 10 inches long £14.99

Although only 3½ inches by 2½ inches this pocket tool card features a knife, saw, spirit level, tape and screwdrivers £14.95



FOR BOYS

At last a place to keep your passport, tickets, currency etc when you're travelling. This leather bag for men holds everything you need on holiday or that vital business trip. The front-zipped pocket is passport sized, whilst the flapped pocket is perfect for sunglasses
£12.95

Datacard 8000 is an electronic personal directory for phone numbers, addresses and diary information. Also doubles as an alarm clock and calculator with an 8000 bit memory
£19.95

This hi-tech torch is 20 times more powerful than a conventional one and can be adjusted to form a spot or floodlight, although only 5 inches long. The case is waterproof and scratchproof
£9.95

GREAT MALE GIFTS

ORDER FORM

To: GIFT OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

I enclose cheque/postal order for £.....
made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

Please send me:
Qty..... pocket tool card, price £14.95
Qty..... Mercedes 500K, price £14.99
Qty..... Datacard 8000, price £19.95
Qty..... hi-tech torch, price £9.95
Qty..... leather bag, price £12.95
plus £2.95 post and packing

MY CARD NO. IS ....
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
....
SIGNATURE M24/1

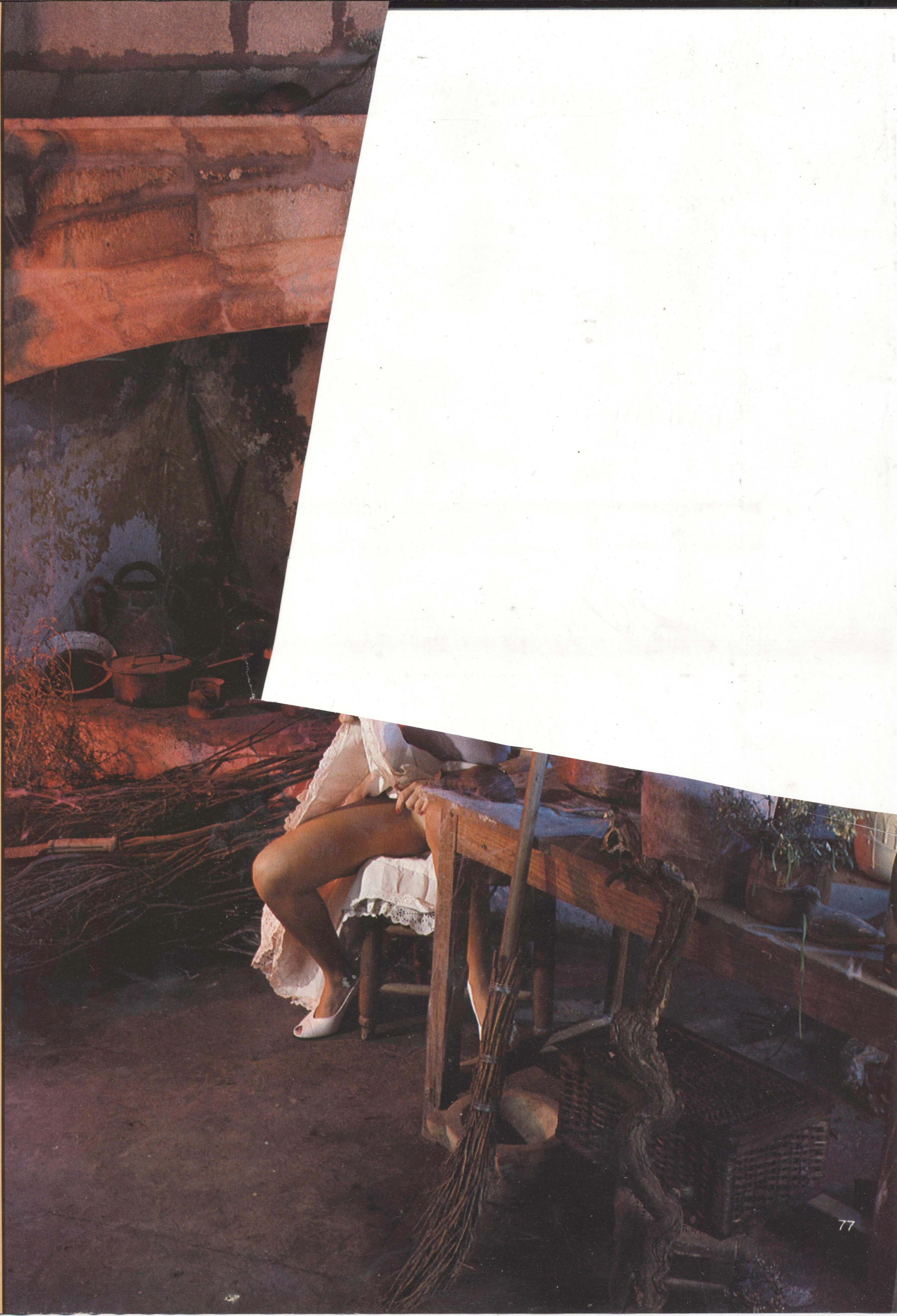
TELEPHONE ORDERS WELCOME.
RING CREDIT CARD SALES
on 01-242 1593 (9.30am to 5pm)

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £5.00 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION.

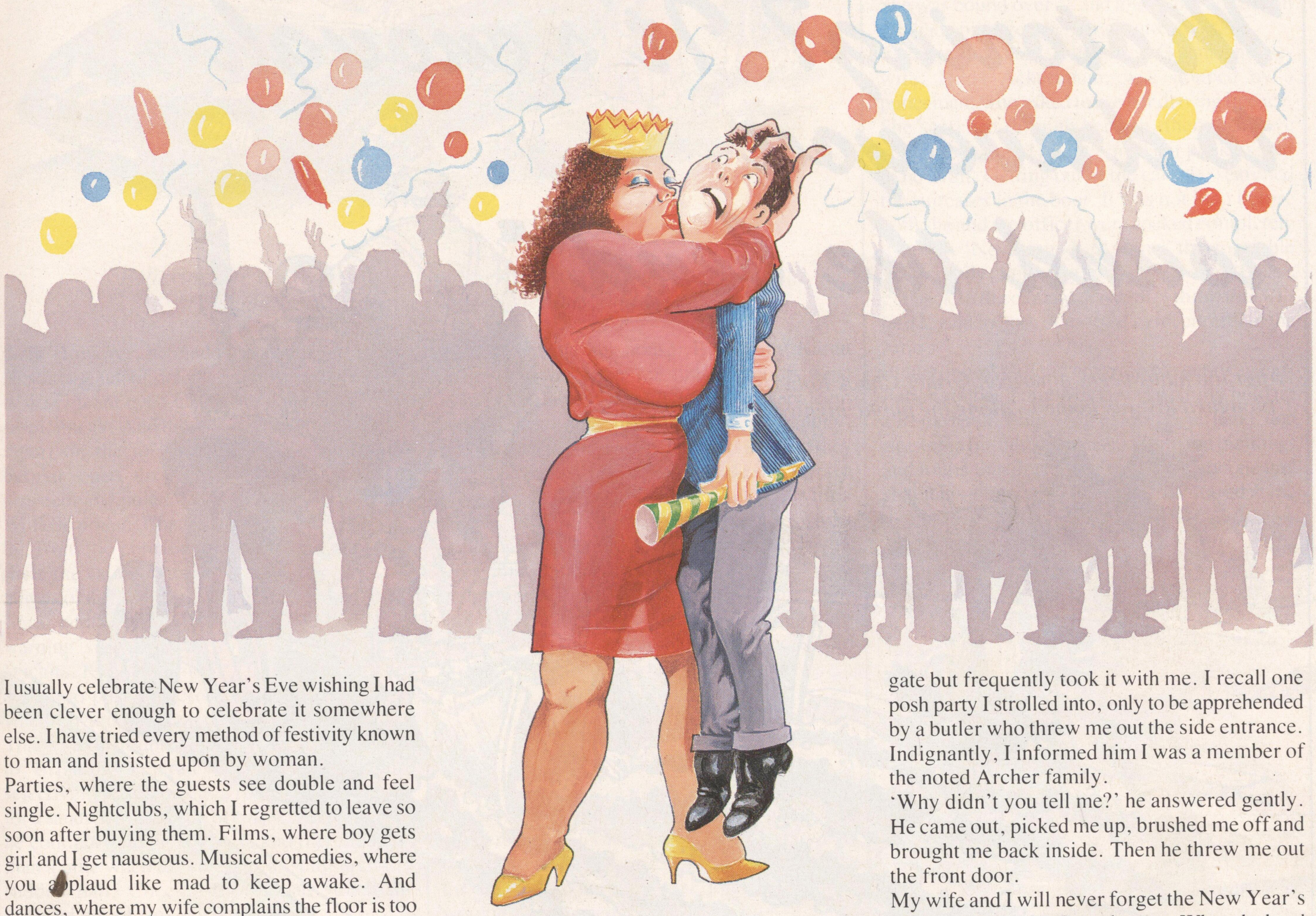
Alfreda the Witch

Halloween may be a long way off, but every night has its witching hour — something which occult enthusiast and trainee witch Alfreda Erice knows well. 'It's generally a good time for magical working,' says this 34-22-34 inch 23-year-old from Solihull, though her ancestry is Italian.



'People still tend to think of magic as nonsense, or sinister,' she explains. 'But it's really just an alternative way of looking at the world and manipulating it. Scientists do the same thing by carrying out experiments, and making up theories. Witches use knowledge built up over thousands of years, but their own feelings and attitudes are just as important. That's why it can be so hit-and-miss, but when it works properly it can be very effective indeed.'

The Joys of New Year – and how to avoid them



I usually celebrate New Year's Eve wishing I had been clever enough to celebrate it somewhere else. I have tried every method of festivity known to man and insisted upon by woman.

Parties, where the guests see double and feel single. Nightclubs, which I regretted to leave so soon after buying them. Films, where boy gets girl and I get nauseous. Musical comedies, where you applaud like mad to keep awake. And dances, where my wife complains the floor is too slippery when the trouble is simply that my shoes have been shined

This year I shall either go down in a diving bell and stare at the fishes or stay at home and crack walnuts. Not much hilarity, perhaps, but no cover charge either.

It there are any pleasant ways of passing New Year's Eve, one of the least is passing out. I recall on December 31 when I was compelled to attend an office party in the afternoon. Someone apparently tampered with the punch because we were still in the office the following year.

All I remember of this dismal occasion is that in the company of five vibrating colleagues, I took a taxi to my house at two am. The taxi driver had been celebrating too. At the end of the trip he muttered, 'My meter's going backwards! I owe you two and a half quid.'

Should anyone be reckless enough to invite me to a New Year's Eve party, I regret that I left town a week ago to shoot dragonflies in the Copenhagen fjords. Not that I am antisocial, but I somehow always seem to leave these parties in a less expensive coat, four inches too short in the sleeves.

I prefer parties that are informal so I can go in my own clothes. My wife, of course, always goes in an evening gown, which can be seen in a strong light.

My wife, forced to keep an eye on me doesn't particularly enjoy herself. Neither do I. I generally get stuck with some woman who talks so much that I get hoarse listening.

The climax of the evening comes when the clock

Humour by
Jules Archer

New year celebrations have an appalling effect on some people — and that's well before the morning after. Like parties where the guests see double and feel single, and afternoon office festivities that start one year and end in the next

strikes 12 and everybody starts kissing everybody else. My wife, being a retiring sort, rarely kisses more than one or two men. For ten minutes apiece. I find myself hemmed in by three enormous females who take revenge for what they'll miss the rest of the year.

In my younger days, before I had a wife to consider. I used to spend New Year's Eve crashing party after party. I not only crashed the gate but frequently took it with me. I recall one posh party I strolled into, only to be apprehended by a butler who threw me out the side entrance. Indignantly, I informed him I was a member of the noted Archer family.

'Why didn't you tell me?' he answered gently. He came out, picked me up, brushed me off and brought me back inside. Then he threw me out the front door.

My wife and I will never forget the New Year's Eve we spent at the *Cocoabanana*. When the head waiter showed us to a table two hours' flying time from the floor show, he glared at me as if I hadn't tipped him. I glared right back at him as if I had.

There was a little tinkly bell on the table for summoning the waiter. When I had worn out the clapper, he finally approached.

'Did you ring sir?'

'No,' I explained, 'I was tolling — I thought you were dead.'

I gave him our order, being very careful to explain exactly how I wanted the meat and vegetables prepared.

He bowed, 'Certainly sir, Any special design on the dishes?'

Some time later I was awakened by a man whose face looked vaguely familiar. It was the waiter, with our large portion of steak and mushrooms. I was amazed at how small a large portion can be these days.

At midnight the *Cocoabanana* turned into an inferno of popping balloons, noisemakers, horns, streamers and hysterical females. I opened the bottle of champagne I had ordered, and poured. My wife lifted her glass and gasped. There was a fly floating in the champagne.

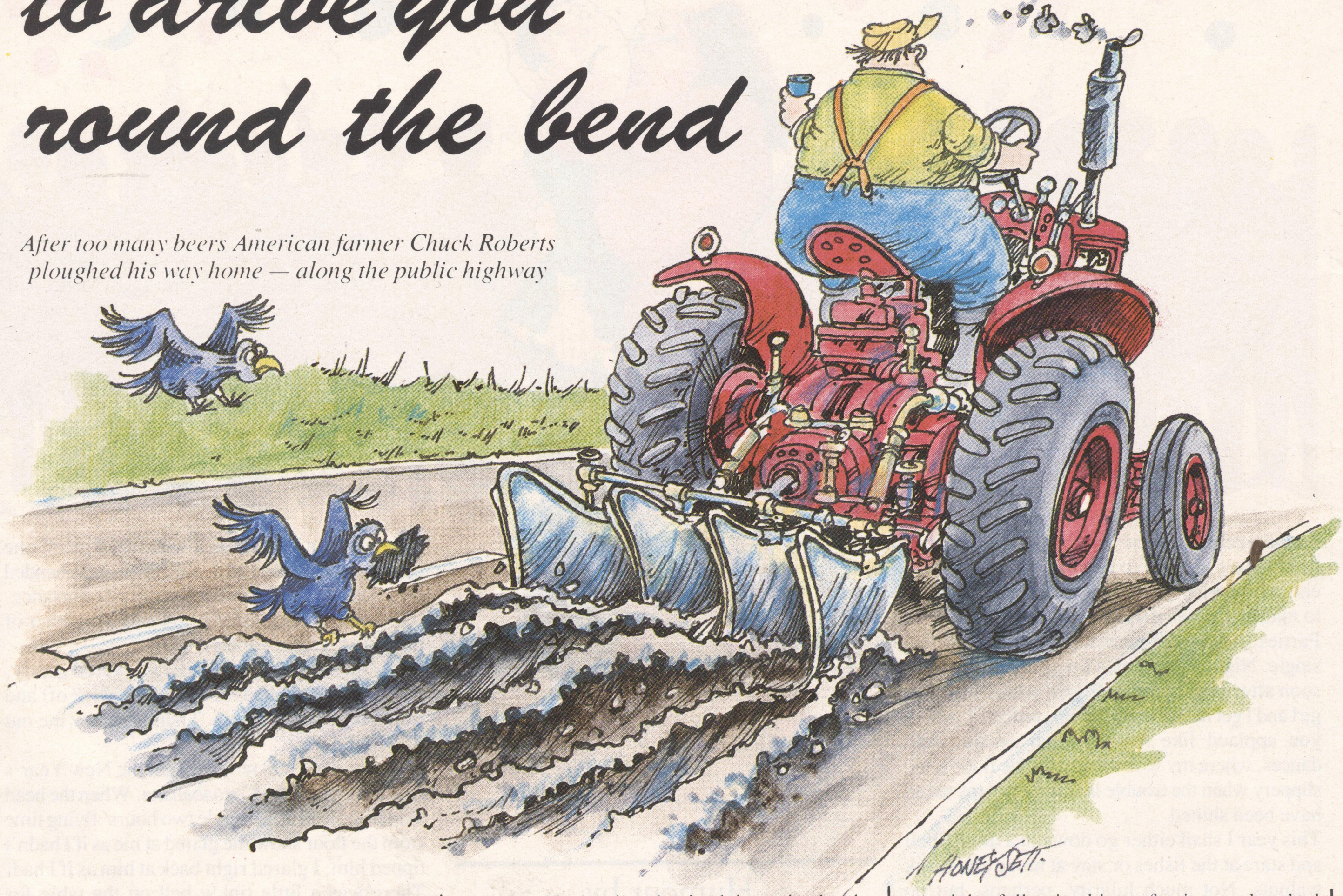
'Waiter!' she howled. 'Remove this obnoxious insect at once!'

Ever obliging, he threw me down two flights of stairs.

As far as I'm concerned auld acquaintance should certainly be forgot. This New Year's Eve, instead of going out, we'll be just as miserable at home.

Did you hear about the poet who wrote on his car, the blind taxi driver, or the saloon stolen three times in one year and recovered each time in a better condition? Colin Jeffrey and Paul Dunn take a ride through the wacky world of the road user

Motoring? It's enough to drive you round the bend



After too many beers American farmer Chuck Roberts ploughed his way home — along the public highway

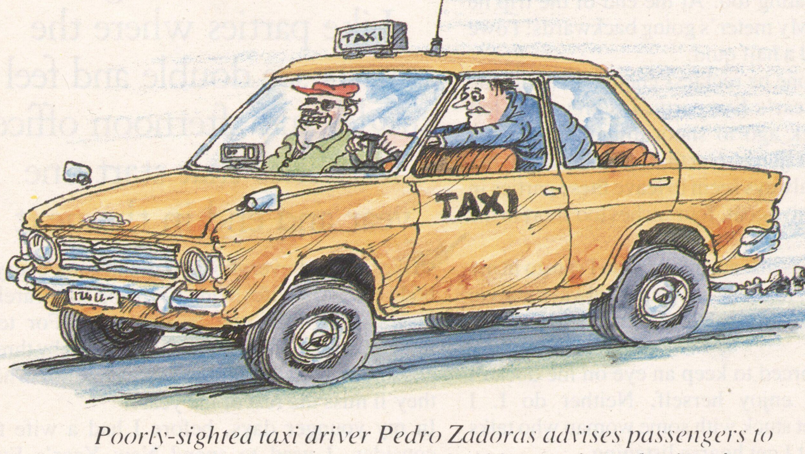
The open road boasts more bizarre characters per mile than you will ever find in Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. American farmer Chuck Roberts, for example, from Cayce, South Carolina. One very hot summer's afternoon he had just finished ploughing his top meadow and was really feeling the heat. Stripped to the waist behind the wheel of his tractor, he drank several cans of beer. Feeling refreshed and merry from the drink, he drove off home, dragging the ploughing rig behind him. However, he forgot to lift the blades — and ripped up half a mile of roadway before police stopped him.

More conscious of his misdeeds was a character, who must surely be the front runner for the 'world's cheekiest car thief', the West German who robbed Hans Brecker of his new £30,000 Mercedes. Less than an hour after the car had been delivered to his door, Brecker got a surprise phone call, from a man claiming to be the works manager of Mercedes Benz. 'Sorry to bother you, sir,' the caller apologised, 'but we've found a serious error in the log book of your car, affecting warranty. Please don't worry about it. I'll have it quickly sorted out, once our workshop has altered the engine's serial number.' If you don't mind we'll collect your car tomorrow for the work to be carried out without delay.

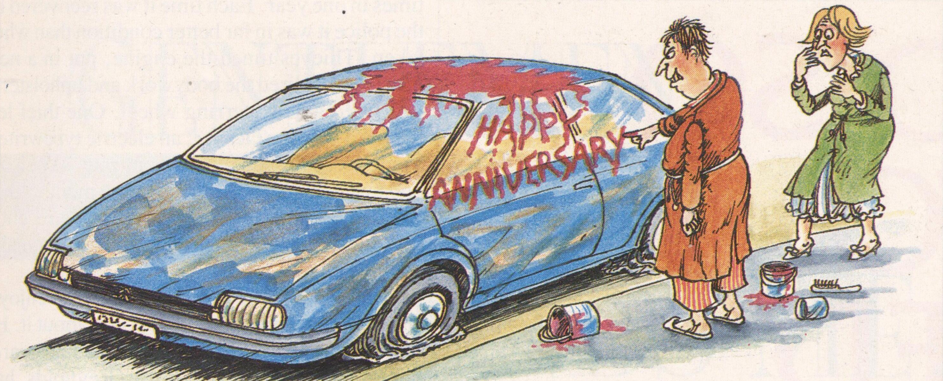
Next day, a well-padded middle-aged man, wearing a black suit and striped tie, arrived at the Brecker residence. He took away the car and log book. And neither he, the car, nor the log book have been seen since.

☆ ☆ ☆

But not all dubious characters are so efficient. New York burglar Charlie Archer was out late one night, following his profession, and parked down a quiet back street. After locking his car he set off with an empty suitcase to visit several flats in the area. When he returned, some hours later, he found to his horror that the car was missing. Unknown to Charlie, the police had towed it away for illegal parking. The burglar was furious. He was sure some rotten car thief had made off with it, and he lost no time in marching round to the nearest police station to report the



Poorly-sighted taxi driver Pedro Zadoras advises passengers to drive his cab themselves — at half fare — for safety's sake



Believing she'd caught an unauthorised parker, Karen Dupier vandalised a surprise gift from her husband

theft. However, he made the mistake of taking his suitcase full of stolen loot with him. The beefy desk sergeant eyed Charlie and the heavy case suspiciously. And then, instead of making out a report on the missing car, he demanded the burglar open up the suitcase. Charlie was arrested, and jailed for two years.

While in prison, Charlie received a huge parking bill from the police compound, which was for twice the value of his car.

Some colourful characters put up their own road signs, which are never found anywhere else. A warning sign at a railway level crossing in Wichita, Kansas warned: 'The average time for a train to pass this crossing is 14 seconds . . . whether your car is on it or not.'

Thieves who troubled a competitor in the London to Brighton Veteran Car Run were more selective. He stopped at a roadside restaurant for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. An hour later, he continued on his journey, and travelled less than a mile when his veteran car spluttered to a sudden halt. Cheeky thieves had stolen the external petrol tank during his meal.

☆ ☆ ☆

But when it comes to sheer cheek, you have to hand it to Argentinian taxi driver, Pedro Zardoras. This 70-year-old earns his living working from the railway station in the city of Cordoba. When a passenger gets into his cab, he explains: 'Sorry, but my eye-sight is very poorly. Really, it would be far safer for us, if you drove us to your place of destination. If you agree, then I'll only charge half-fare.'

Cabbie Bill Warners was to be the toast of the city. He had driven his taxi around Columbus, Ohio, for over 25 years without an accident. But at the last moment the planned ceremony was cancelled. Somebody discovered that Bill had never held a driving licence.

Miguel Velos kicked up a stink when he thought he had been overcharged by a taxi driver. He took a second trip in Xavier Petrosa's cab in Montevideo, Uruguay, and hid old fish heads under the back seat.

A court heard how the cabbie had lost many fares because of the smell, and ordered Miguel to clean the cab every Sunday for six months.

When American police in Detroit looked at taxis in Eugene Fite's garage as part of a routine check they found 15 stolen cars — three of them missing police vehicles.

French housewife, Karen Dupier, of Paris, has carved for herself a special place in motoring legends. She blew her top when neighbours kept parking outside her house. Eventually Karen decided it was time for drastic action. One morning, while it was still dark, she crept from her bed, leaving husband Jules snoring happily. She planned to teach her neighbours a lesson they would never forget. Parked outside she found a gleaming new Citroën car. Furiously, with a wire-brush and sandpaper, she went to work, scrapping and sanding every inch of bodywork from top to bottom. Finally she slashed the tyres, and poured several tins of paint over the roof. Standing back, she admired her demon handiwork. Surely no neighbour would be stupid enough to park outside her house again.

☆ ☆ ☆

It was then, that Jules, in dressing-gown and slippers came looking for her. He stared in shocked disbelief at the car, tears flowing down his cheeks. 'What have you done, you stupid woman?' he gasped.

'But don't you see, Jules, it'll stop our neighbours from parking here ever again.'

'That's not a neighbour's car.'

'No?'

'No — it's my wedding anniversary present to you!'

Irish garage attendant Sean Daugherty complained to the police that he had been struck over the head with a bottle of motor oil by a young woman driver. When questioned, the woman, Claire Young, admitted: 'Yes, I hit him. He was being funny and asked for it. You see, I crashed my car into a lamp standard and, when I asked him to assess the damage, he examined the vehicle, and said with a huge cheeky grin: "Well, lady, there's one blessing for you at least. I can't find anything wrong with the windscreen." That made me mad. And I hit him with the bottle.'

She was bound over — and told to pay for the oil she had spilt over the garage attendant.

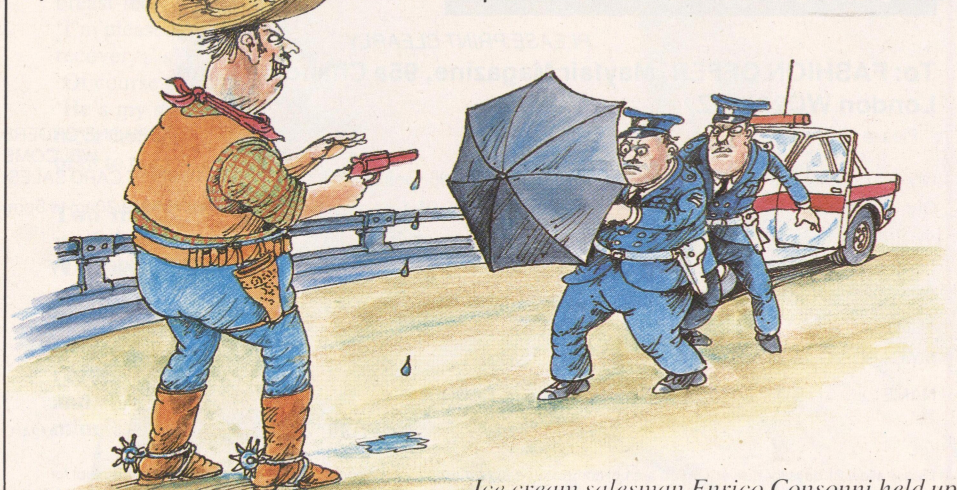
It was raining hard, when West German housewife, Hilda Ackermann, was stopped by a policeman, who asked to see her driving licence. She searched through her bag, then the glove compartment and finally, in all her pockets, but to no avail. Getting out of the car, she searched the suitcases in the boot. It was not long before both she and the officer were soaked completely through. 'Never mind, Madam,' the constable said wearily, rain streaming off his cap. 'Please get back in the car and drive on. I think this will be a lesson to both of us to be more careful in the future.'

Bank robbers depend on a reliable getaway car. Italian robber Tony Alivia successfully held up a Rome bank. With a bag of loot in one hand, and a pistol in the other, he rushed from the building, and found that during the robbery someone had stolen his getaway car. Stunned, he stared at the

Thieves ruined an Italian robbery when they stole the getaway car

spot where the car should have been, and gasped: 'I just don't believe it. You can't trust anyone these days.' He was promptly grabbed by several hefty clerks who had followed him into the street, and held him for the police.

But a robbery doesn't always mean bad news. Peter Austin of Streatham had his car stolen three



Ice cream salesman Enrico Consonni held up motorists dressed as a Wild West sheriff

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN HONEYSETT

AND SO TO BED...

Bedtime becomes thrill time with our new midnight black camisole-style silk-look night gown and briefs (left) for just £24.95. Or, if you prefer a slinkier, more sophisticated style, try our black, satin-look thigh-cut version designed to show off those shapely legs, at the special price of only £22.95.

M27

M10

100% flammable nylon: keep away from fires

ORDER FORM

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me:

Qty . . . . . black, silk-look nightgowns (item M27) price £24.95. One size only

Qty . . . . . black, satin-look nightgowns (item M10) price £22.95. One size only

TELEPHONE ORDERS WELCOME
RING CREDIT CARD SALES, on 01-242 1593 (9.30am to 5pm)

I enclose cheque/postal order for £ . . . . . made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS . . . .

NAME . . . . ADDRESS . . . .

. . . . SIGNATURE M24/1

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £5.00 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

times in one year. Each time it was recovered by the police it was in far better condition than when taken. Thieves tuned the engine, put in a new gearbox, repaired the bodywork and upholstery, and fitted a new sterring wheel. One thief left behind a vacuum cleaner, an electric typewriter, a tape recorder and a sheepskin coat. When the good were not claimed within three months, they were handed over to Peter to keep. He recently sold the car for three times what he originally paid for it.

One thief who stole a car and used it to enjoy a holiday in Devon was at least polite about it. He sent the vehicle's owner a thank you postcard. Photographic engraver Keith Reynolds had parked his seven-year-old Ford Granada in a side road near where he worked, but when he went to pick it up one evening it had disappeared.

'I immediately reported the theft to the police,' said Keith, of Broadway North, Walsall, in Staffordshire. 'My wife, Sandra, and I were upset at the loss, but downright furious when eight days after the car was taken, we received a postcard with a picture of a seaside resort on the front, from the thief.'

☆ ☆ ☆

The picture of an idyllic beach scene was postmarked North Devon and, in untidy handwriting, a message was scrawled on it. 'Thanks for the hire. Next time, watch out — there's a thief about.'

Motorist Frazer Benson feared the worst when police asked him to stop. But instead of booking him they said: 'What a fascinating car — can we read it?'

Frazer, of Ilkley, in West Yorkshire, is a spare-time poet, and paints verses on his shabby car to advertise his talent. 'I saw a van advertising tea on its side one day and thought: "Why shouldn't I advertise my poetry?"' he explained.

It was high noon, wild west style for Italian would-be sheriff Enrico Consonni. Kitted out in a cowboy outfit, complete with gunbelt and toy six-shooter, he spent a happy day, stopping cars on the Venice to Vittorio highway. Speaking Italian with a Texas drawl, he patted the butt of his gun in true Hollywood style, as he told startled motorists: 'This is a police check point, partner, and I'm the fastest gunslinger in these here parts. So be quiet and do what you're told, or there'll be lead flying in your direction.'

Indeed, all did remain quiet on that particular part of the wild west until one enraged West German tourist, furious at being delayed by Consonni, reported him at the next police station he saw. He told the desk sergeant: 'You Italians should pick friendlier men when arranging police exchanges with the Americans. I don't think I've ever encountered such a rude officer in all my life.'

Within minutes, dozens of police cars were converging on the self-appointed law enforcer. Ice cream salesman Consonni was arrested and charged with impersonating a foreign police officer, and of obstructing the law, when he tried to resist arrest by shooting at police with a water pistol.

Perhaps he should have followed the example of Scotsman Donald MacArthur and pleaded guilty with mitigating circumstances. Involved in an accident with a pedestrian, McArthur told the traffic policeman who arrived on the scene: 'Sure, officer, I did knock him down. But he's admitted it was his fault, because he has been knocked down before!'

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Teenagers from deprived inner-city areas were being shown around a farm for the first time in their lives. Amongst them was Sadie, a young girl in a black leather mini-skirt, who had spent most of her life working the streets of London. As the farmer showed her the sheep and pigs, she took very little interest at all, then he pointed out his stallion.
'Blimey!' she gasped. 'What a beautiful mare!'
'Mare?' laughed the farmer. 'Mare? When have you seen a mare with huge balls and a cock like that?'
'Last week!' she replied triumphantly.
'She obviously doesn't know what she's talking about,' the farmer muttered to her teacher.
'The young girl swung around angrily to the farmer.
'And *you* obviously don't know our local Mayor.'

What do you call a Sloane Ranger's nipple?
Just the tip of the iceberg.

Psychic soccer fan, Margery Dawes,
Could predict all the football match scores.
She could make quite a mint,
But instead she was skint,
'Cos she refused to take down her draws.

Reclining in his favourite leather armchair. Lord Elpus looked up from his copy of *The Times* to see his butler bringing in the telephone.
'It's the hospital, my lord,' explained that worthy. 'Your wife has had a baby boy.'
Lord Elpus grabbed the phone.
'Hello, is that the doctor?' he demanded.
'Yes, it is good news, I shall be there shortly. In the meantime, get the little bugger circumcised. All the Elpus men are circumcised.'
He slammed down the ... ed to
the butler.
'Smithers, get out the
visiting hospital suit,
However, as they w
phone rang again.
'I'm afraid I've so
doctor on the othe
performed the op
your child seems t
not very well at al
'No problem,'
confidently. 'Gi
glass of brandy,
Elpus men have
'Are you sure?'
'Just do it!' rep
way.'
When Lord E
wing of the s
his heir in hi
breast-fed.
'I'm pleased
recovery,'
'Of course
'He's my
more than
of tit to ta

Two fri
made lo
'I trea
romant
bottom
'I trea
replie
and w
minu

An elderly Jewish businessman was lecturing his grandson on the facts of life.
'My son, take great care of your hands,' he said. 'We Jewish people can say more with ... hands than we can with our mouths. Take ... With this we can summon ... tables and

Jacky

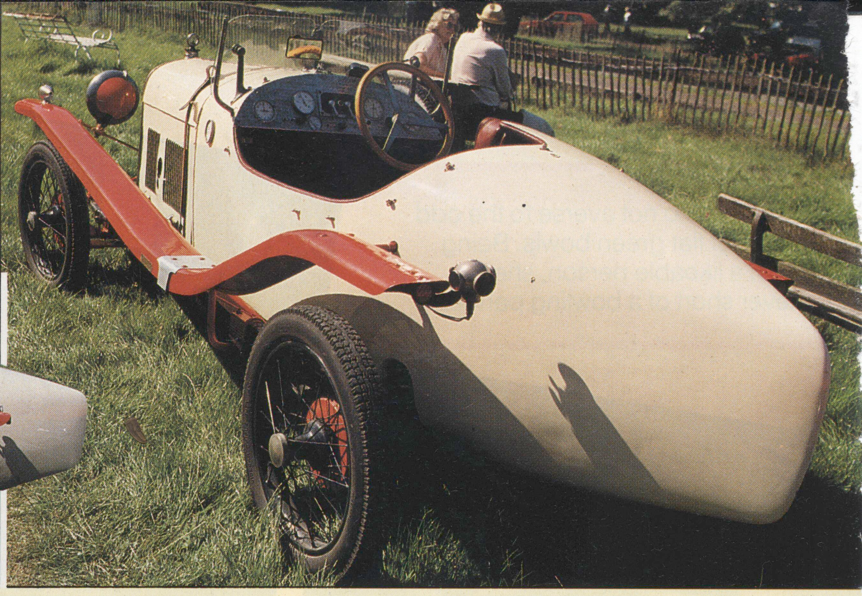
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN ALLUM

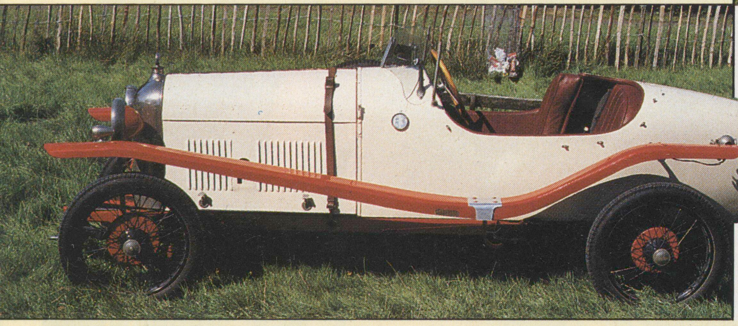
Judging from the size of our postbag, the sexy charms of the more mature lady are just as popular as those of their younger counterparts. JS from Chester says, 'Older women have a style and sophistication about them that many men find irresistible. I think it must be the combination of beauty and experience.' *Mayfair*, never one to disappoint, presents 29-year-old Jacky Wright, a Bedfordshire lass who comes from Luton.

With her appealing smile and softly curved figure, it's easy to understand our reader's viewpoint. A fitness fanatic, Jacky swims regularly at her local baths to keep in trim.

Her bubbly personality, and 35-24-36 inch figure have brought her a lot of promotional work. When relaxing, she enjoys long walks in the countryside.

Jacky's also not averse to the odd game of flat green bowls. Being such a likeable person, she's never short of a bowling partner.





Main picture and

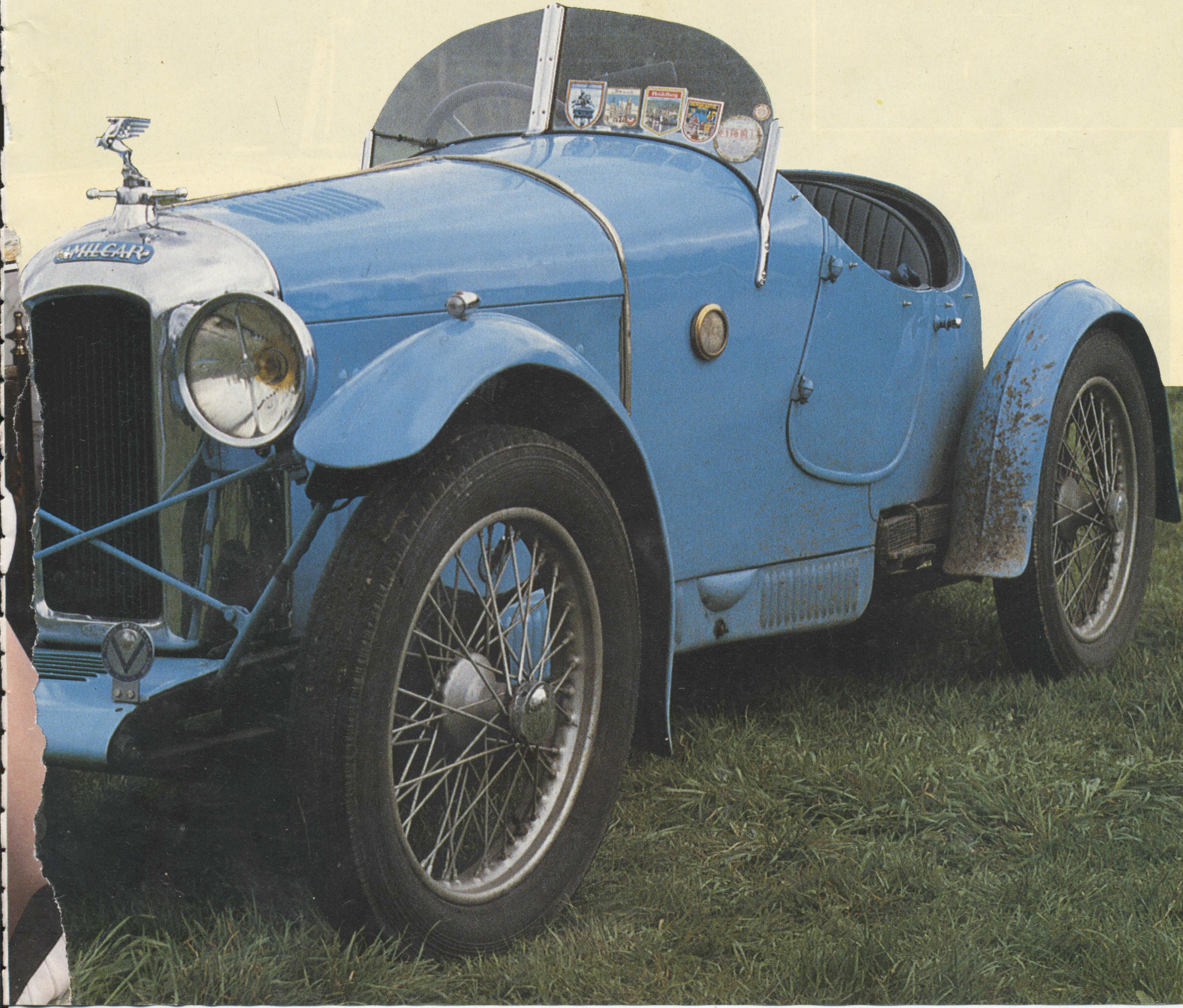
France's deceptively fragile-looking Amilcar was the thrifty sports car of the 1920s for the young man who coveted Bugatti performance but couldn't afford top-bracket motoring. William Boddy recalls the Gallic sportster the British matched but never beat

AMILCAR

– A mildly interesting little car

The Amilcar was a French make, and was first built at St Denis, Paris, in 1921. Some pundits say the name is an anagram of Lamy, who designed it, and Akar, who put up the money. Even odder is the fact that Peter Ustinov, as a small boy, thought he was an Amilcar.

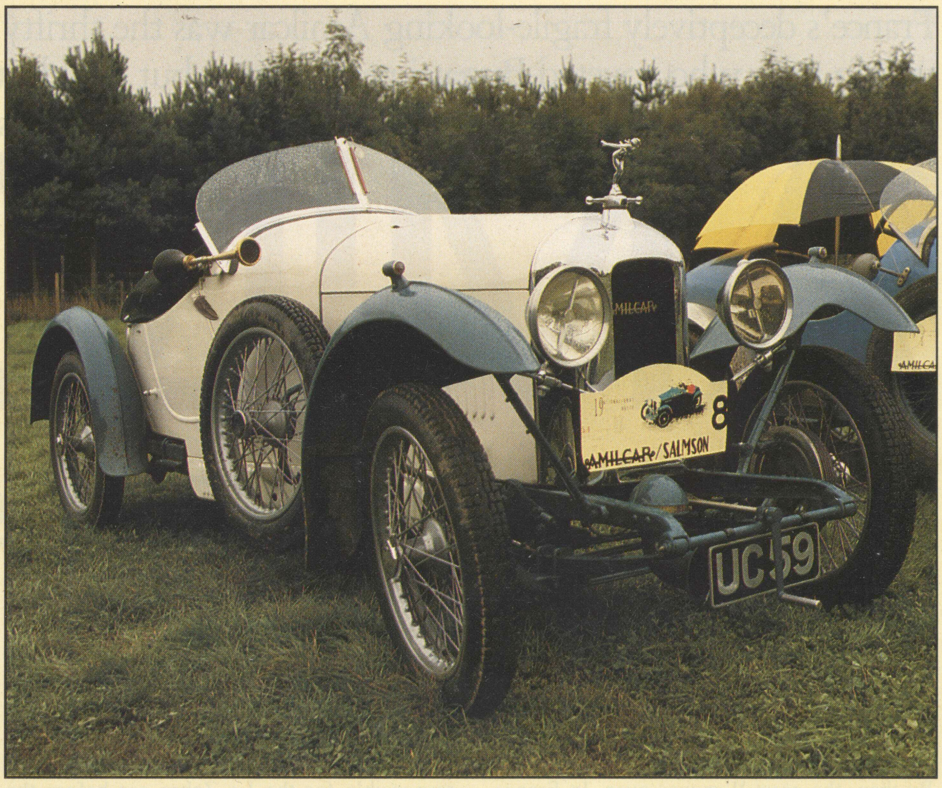
By then, the great War was over. In France, there was a demand for cheap, tough transport over the war-torn roads. In fact, the Amilcar looked flimsy, but it was to be one of the more successful autos of its kind. Basically, it was a water-cooled four-cylinder contrivance with four wheels, and not much bodywork. Lamy had been responsible for the Le Zebre car before the Bosche marched against his country, and when Salomons went to Citroën afterwards, Lamy aided by Edmond Moyet, constructed the plans for the Amilcar. The first models were the simple one-litre Types CC, CS and 4C. Perhaps Amilcar sensed that in France, there were numbers of tiny economy cars of much the same

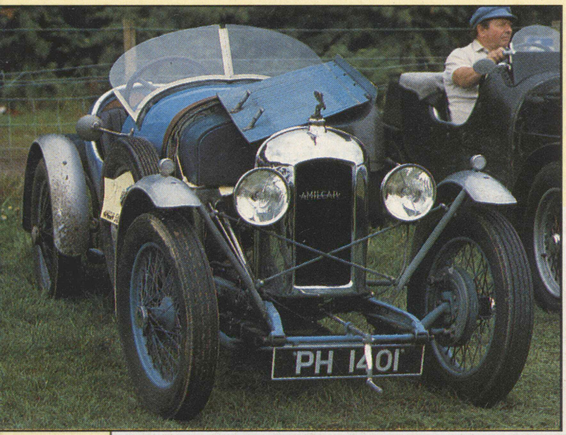


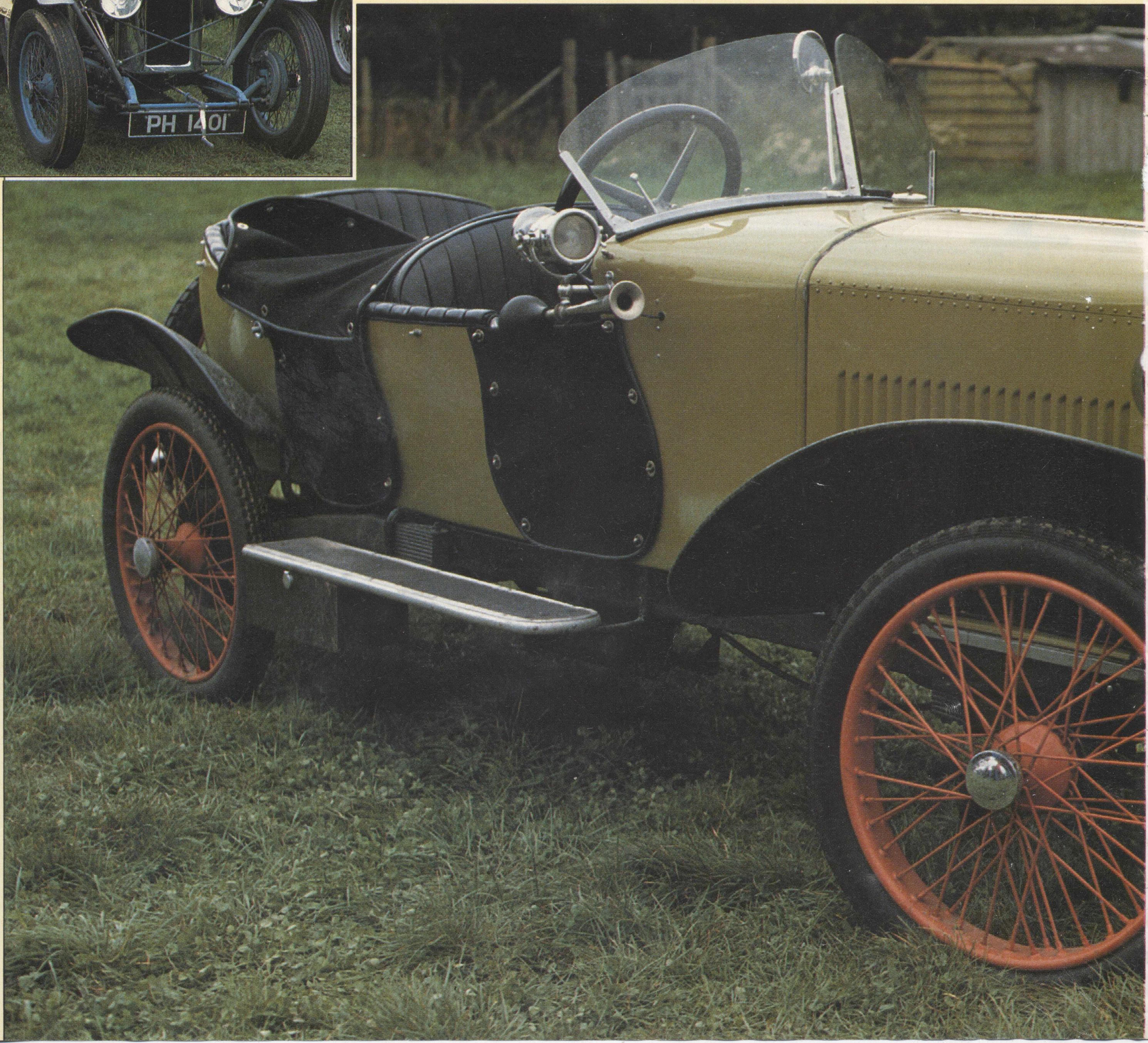
concept. Whatever the reason, they turned to sports cars as lucrative additions to their petrol-thrifty models.

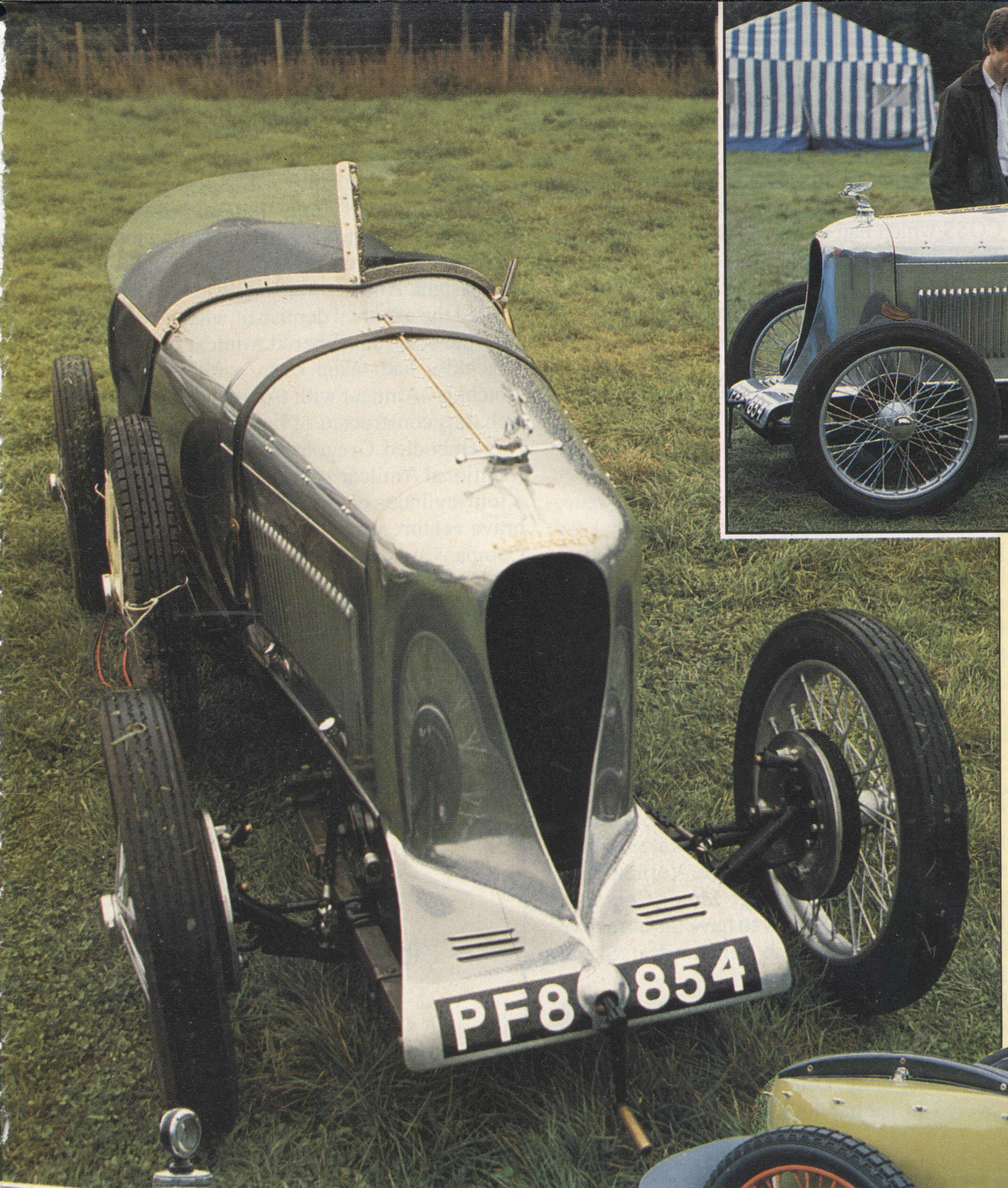
The French did this kind of thing exceptionally well. So even in this field the Amilcar had competitors, of which the most notable was the Salmson. Some might say the latter was the more sporting offering, with its eventual twin-cam power units as opposed to Amilcar's preference for side-by-side-valve engines. Personally, I would find it hard to decide which make was preferable in the heyday of such delectable little sports jobs.

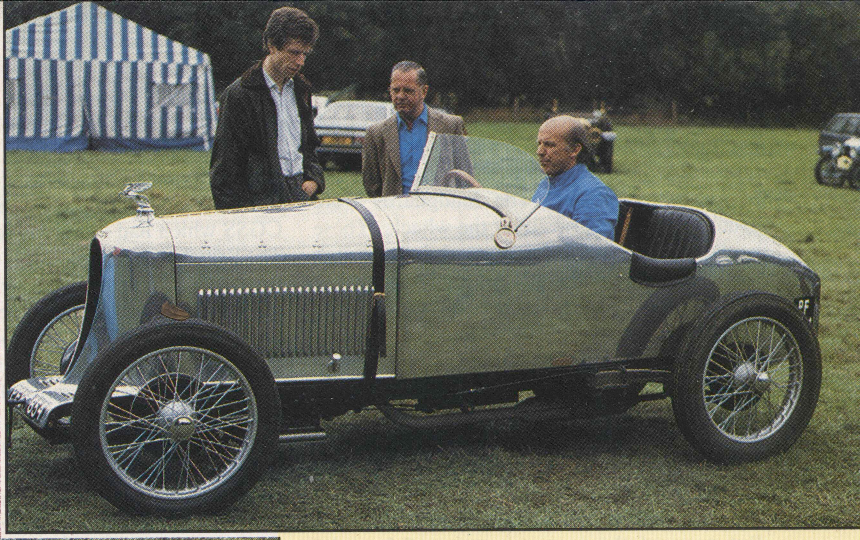
With such inexpensive 1100 cc sports two-seaters, the French knew exactly how to attract the young men who so badly wanted to drive a sports car, but couldn't afford a Bugatti. The Amilcar, not withstanding its side-valve engine, was sporting indeed. The cockpit was narrow, so the beret-topped bird had to sit *very* close to the boy behind the steering wheel. Behind there was



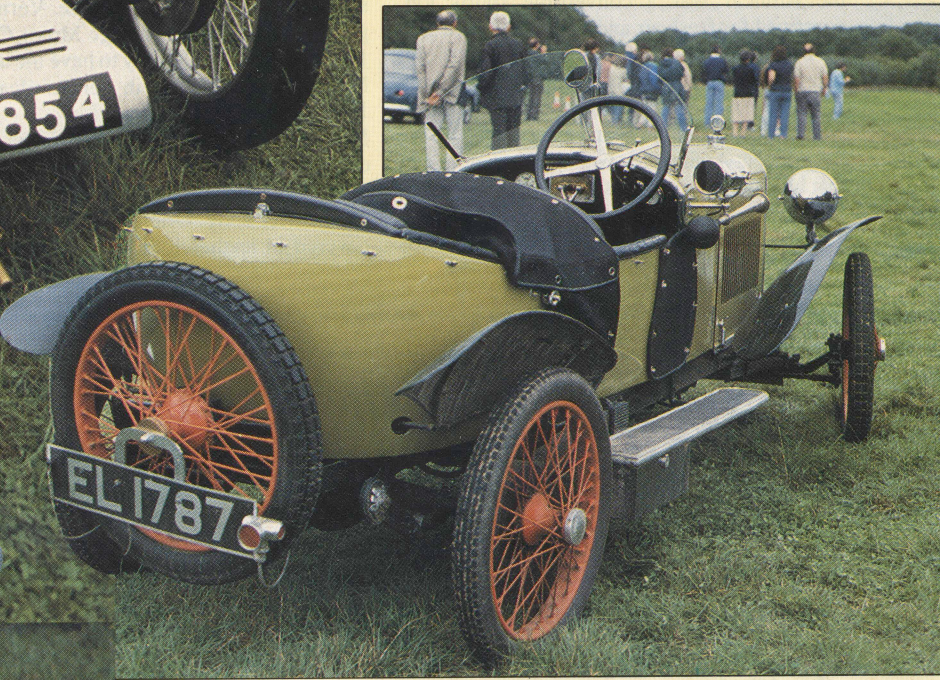


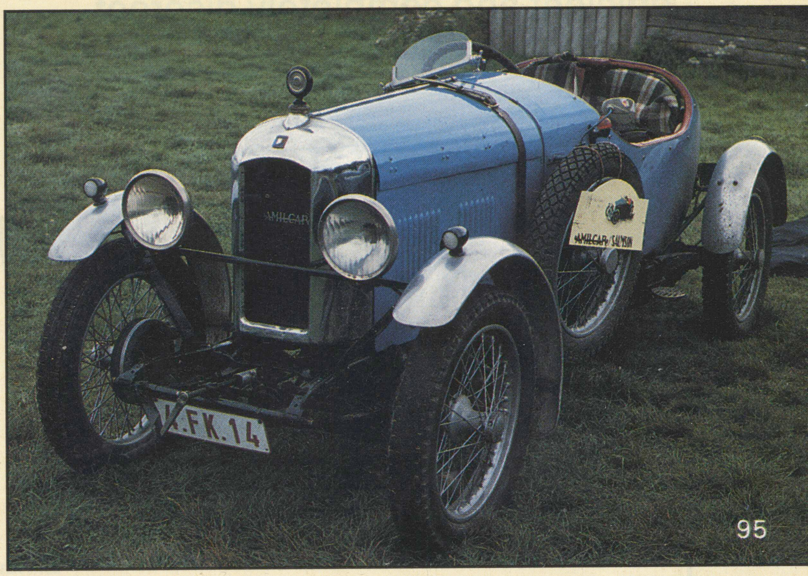






Main picture and immediately below: contrasting views of a 1922 Amilcar C4 'Petit Sport'. Facing page, far left: Peter Kemp Potter's 1927 CGSS. Top: a 1929 CGSS. This page, left and top: a re-built 1927 CGSS with Eldridge cowl. Bottom: 1924 CGS.





a longish pointed tail, which allowed no space for luggage. As the speed rose to a 70 to 75 mph maximum, the wind would whistle past the two little aero-type windscreens, making the wearing of goggles desirable. The mudguards were usually just long strips over the wheels. These converged on short running boards long enough to give a leg-up to the girl getting in beside her hero-driver. Alternatively, cycle-type mudguards might be fitted, and the radiator might be concealed beneath an 'Eldridge-cowl', named after the racing driver.

When the Amilcars and Salmsons came to England in the mid-1920s, they sold for around £285. The 'Grand Prix' Salmson was matched by the 'Grand Sport' Amilcar. Other small-engined French sports cars, like the Rally and Senechal. But none of these was as successful as the Amilcar and its eternal rival, the Salmson.

Both makes went racing, and did very well at it. In the end, Salmson came up with a supercharged straight-eight-cylinder single-seater. This was countered by the jewel-like Amilcar Six, a true miniature road racer with six-cylinder twin-overhead-camshaft engine.

Not all Amilcars were sporting cramped two-seaters. There were chic coupés for driving along the Rue de la Paix, and skimpy four-seaters for those who had produced families. In England, the Amilcar was a convertible sports job, contrived for fresh air and fun. They were sold by Boon & Porter, before they went on to sell Riley Nines which were created by the arch Amilcar exponent Vernon Balls. He raced Amilcars of many kinds and even rigged up the magnificent Amilcar Six with road equipment so that he could drive it in British sports car races such as the Ulster TT.

The Amilcar model to go for in the gay 1920s was the CGS 'Grand Sport' which had full pressure lubrication to its 1,074 cc engine, half elliptic front spings and quite good four-wheel-brakes. By 1926, this sporting little 'Animalcar' was surpassed by the famous Surbaisse, or Type CGSS which had a side-valve 1100 cc engine. The British tried to follow this popular sports car formula which the Amilcar personified, but less effectively. The MG-M-type Midget evolved into the 'Double-Twelve' model and there was the Singer Junior 'Porlock' sports two-seater with an overhead-camshaft engine. Also available at the time was the side-valve three-bearing 850 cc Triumph Super-Seven, available in supercharged sports guise.

Unfortunately, mud trials were now the vogue, and most of our little sports cars, like the very good Singer Nine 'Le Mans' and the later MGs, had slab fuel tanks which meant that the two spare wheels shod with the knobbly tyres needed for tackling muddy slopes could be hitched up behind, whereas a pointed tail couldn't. Amilcars competed in these mud frolics along with the slab-tankers, and were not disgraced. Especially as some of these continental sports cars had 'solid', back-axles, which helps kill wheelspin on slippery surfaces.

Not many of the exotic Amilcar Sixes came to England. The Type C6 took records at very high speeds for its modest engine size. Vernon Balls got his round the Weybridge Motor Course at 103.76 mph in 1928, only to have the attractive Miss Maconochie lap in her Amilcar Six at 104.41 mph a month later.

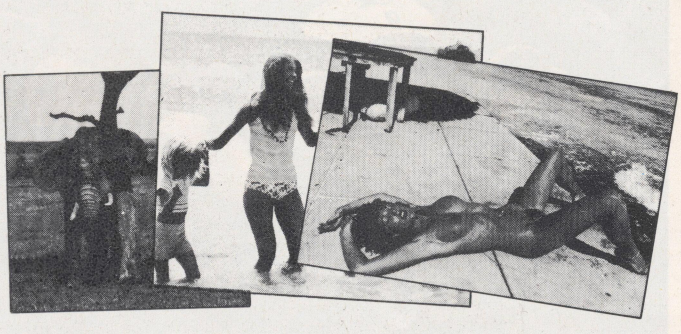
Not all Amilcars were of such exciting demeanour. There were the touring and saloon models for the more staid, with a two-litre engine and heavier body. Often these bodies would be covered in leathercloth, with trunks strapped on behind in the fashion of the 1920s. Perhaps not altogether wisely, Amilcar engineers followed the straight-eight trend. Although the resultant car had a good turn of speed, at some 80 mph flat-out weight was acquired as the years rolled on. Smaller touring cars were also in the maker's range but the end was in sight. Another war was on its way and that spelled the eventual demise of what could have been the best-remembered Amilcar of them all. Hotchkiss had taken over, with plans for a Hotchkiss-Amilcar with front-wheel-drive, and a chassis constructed of light alloy. The FWD part embodied Gregoire/Tracta patents but in traditional Amilcar style the motive power was a four-cylinder engine of 1,185 cc. Alas, this brave venture wasn't to last long, the Amilcar Company was now in financial difficulties and production stopped. Best forget that and remember instead those joyous lads and lasses in their 'Grand Sport' Amilcars of 60 years ago . . .

'I'm sure you are worth twice the money you're paid, Ms Green, but we're not here to discuss your sex life.'

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE

DEVELOPING and PRINTING

Have your holiday and glamour films developed and printed through our private photo service. We're fast, efficient and completely discreet



12/20/24 exp. FOR ONLY £5.99		36 exp. FOR ONLY £7.99
All prices include p&p	No. of films	Total £

35mm mounted slides 20 or 36exp **£7.99**
(£1 for total failure)

All prices include p&p	No. of films	Total £

Enclose Kodacolour, Sakura, Boots, Tudor, Fuji (C41 process) films in 110, 126 or 135 sizes only. This service is NOT available for black-and-white, Submin, Half Frame or Disc Films. Place films in a strong envelope together with cheque or postal order made payable to MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE. Film accepted on basis that its value does not exceed material cost. We reserve the right to change prices without prior notice and to alter finishes/materials subject to exigency of production. Please allow up to 14 days for return of prints.

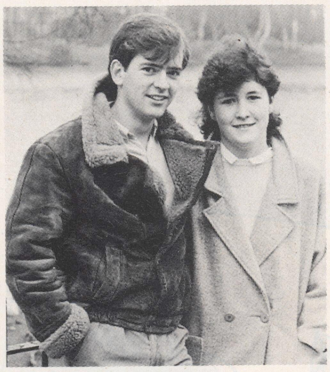
NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

Send your order to:
MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ.

M24/1

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE Reg Office FPC (Advertising & Marketing) Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.



Geoff and Suzanne

John and Veronica

Peter and Helen

Jon and Lesley

Peter and Patricia

Leslie and Rita

John and Rita

Harold and Alice

'We met through Dateline'

You too can find love

If you would like a 'love story' of your own, someone to love and care for, and you are beginning to wonder where you can find that special person, come to Dateline.

Many tens of thousands of people of all ages and occupations, from all over the country, join Dateline every year looking for someone to love. If you want to meet someone with the same hopes, ambitions and interests as yourself, and are simply not meeting them socially or at work, Dateline, the largest, longest established and most successful computer dating agency in the world, can open up a whole new circle of people; interesting, suitable people who could be living very close to you, people who you might never meet without Dateline's help.

Dateline is a member of the Association of British Introduction Agencies.

To find out how Dateline could be successful for you, complete the coupon below and send it to us in complete confidence, and without any obligation. We will send you FREE a full colour, comprehensive guide to how Dateline works, and ALSO a free copy of "All you need is Love", a Sphere paperback, full of genuine stories of how real Dateline members found their 'perfect partner'. This tells you more than any brochure possibly could, the true story of Dateline...

Start your 'love story', by posting this coupon today to: Dateline, 23 Abingdon Rd., London W8 6AH or phone 01 938 1011

FREE

Please send me
- 'All you need is love' (a Sphere paperback) stories of real people matching and meeting through Dateline.
- A full colour guide on how Dateline can work for me.
- Details of just one of the many Dateline members who could be my 'Perfect Partner'.

● I enclose 3 first class stamps

1. START HERE I AM OVER 17

Single___ Widowed___ Divorced___
Your Sex ___ put M or F
Your Height ___ ft. ___ ins.
Your age ___ yrs.
Age you would like to meet ___ min. ___ max.
(BLOCK CAPITALS)
First Name ______
Surname ______
Address ______
Postcode ______
Occupation ______
Religion ______

2. Tick ✓ which characteristics best describe you.

ARE YOU:
- Warmhearted ☐
- Serious ☐
- Considerate ☐
- Shy ☐
- Romantic ☐
- Fashionwise ☐
- Practical ☐
- Conventional ☐
- Reliable ☐
- Adventurous ☐

3. Tick ✓ those activities you enjoy, put an ✗ against those you dislike, and leave blank those where you have no preference.

DO YOU ENJOY:

Wining/Dining ☐	Jazz/Folk music ☐
Pubs ☐	Classical music ☐
Sports/Keep Fit ☐	Theatre/Arts ☐
Politics/History ☐	Watching TV ☐
Reading ☐	Smoking ☐
Travelling ☐	Drinking ☐
Science/Tech. ☐	Children ☐
Cinema ☐	Homemaking ☐
Pets/Animals ☐	Gardening ☐
Pop/Rock music ☐	Countryside ☐

Dateline Dept (F 75) 23 Abingdon Rd. London W8 6AH. Tel: 01 938 1011.

Dateline THE WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL AGENCY

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Brew-it-yourself

Like most of us, the recent festivities have probably left you out of pocket, and in need of a drink to get over it all. Then perhaps it's time you considered brewing it yourself? Oh no, we hear you say, I'm not filling my des res with barrels, pipes and the constant smell of yeast and hops fermenting away.

Well, now you don't have to, because a firm called Brewking have introduced a clean uncluttered way to make your own. It's called the Brewsack, and by just adding water to the yeast provided, it produces 20 pints of ale or lager 20 days later.

No extra equipment is needed, everything happens inside the sack, and you can even carry it from room to room and serve your beer from it when the job is done. At £7.99 per Brewsack, the traditional ale or premium lager works out at 40p a pint. The only thing missing is a girl with big boobs to serve it. Brewsacks are available from chemists, home-brew shops and DIY stores.

Bill's big part

Looking for a reliable guide to entertainment in the New Year? Then may we recommend the *Hastings and St Leonards Observer*. Every week it lists local shows, and whilst some of its typography may lead to a few inaccuracies, often they are more entertaining than the shows themselves. For example, one wonders how many residents were disappointed when they turned up at what the *Observer* described as 'Nicholas Parsons in An Evening of Nonscene:', or how perturbed one keyboards maestro was at being labelled 'the no one organist.' We can guess that a certain TV conjuror thought not-a-lot of being described as 'Musician Paul Daniels' (corrected the next week to 'Mugician Paul Daniels'. But can TV's Bill Buckley live up to his *Observer* billing? According to the paper, the ex-*That's Life* presenter is currently appearing in *Cinderella* at Eastbourne playing the part of 'Baron Hardon'! We only hope he can keep it up until the show finishes on January 22.

Sore point

According to a recent newspaper report, Stirling has been suffering from a plague of flashers over the last few months. So bad had the problem become that local residents demanded that the Chief Constable for the area, Ian Oliver, tell them what he intended doing. 'I'm not too concerned,' he said of the exposure epidemic. 'It tends to drop off in winter.'

'Let's go straight round to your place and miss out the middle-man?'

Treasure chest

If you've just suffered the embarrassment of finding a girlfriend you'd long-forgotten remembered you at Christmas, here's a way to make it up to her. Buy her some sexy underwear! No we're not plugging the *Mayfair* lingerie again, but a nice little number from the Ultimate Gift Guide, published in America. Amongst the upmarket presents they offer is a bra designed by Andre Van Pier, tastefully decorated with white, yellow and pink diamonds — some 2,000 of them to be precise. If this seems a little over-the-top for something she'll wear underneath, then wait until you hear the price. The jewel-encrusted two-seater costs a cool £700,000.

Pudding on the style

Whatever happened to those great British puddings that kept out the cold and filled out the waistband in years gone by?

We're pleased to say that they are alive and well and living in the *Three Ways Hotel* in Mickleton, Gloucestershire. No 'sweets' or 'desserts' here: the hotel specialises in puds in the great tradition. Treacle tarts, spotted dick, plum duffs — all the schoolboy favourites can be enjoyed, with lashings of custard, by joining the Pudding Club at the hotel.

'What a coincidence, I'm going to Chicago, too.'

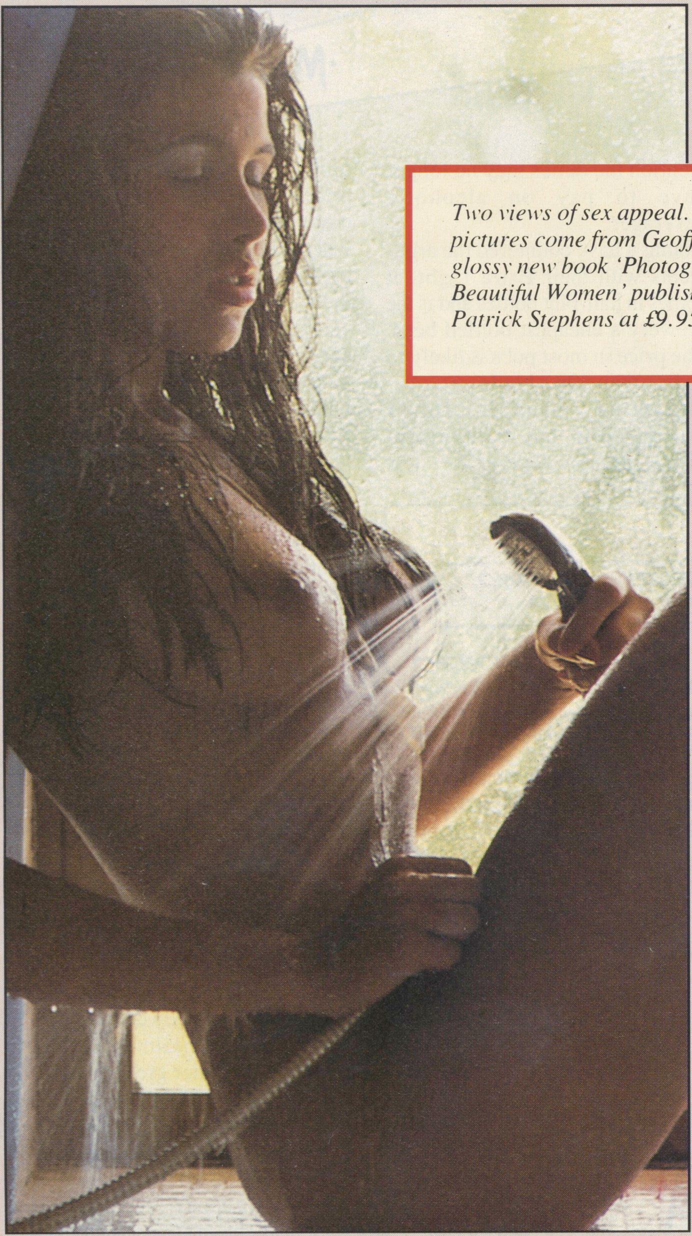
Meetings are held on the first Friday of every month between September and April and the £11 membership charge includes a three-course meal complete with a sweet trolley groaning with calories. Members can sample as many puddings as their clothing allows, and there are plenty prepared to attempt the lot, so don't be afraid to be greedy. Keith Turner, the hotel proprietor, assures customers, 'Don't worry, the kitchen never runs out!' They obviously haven't encountered our *Eating Out* columnist Brian O'Hanlon yet.

If you fancy a bit of roly poly with the Queen of Puddings, then write to The Pudding Club, Three Ways Hotel, Mickleton, near Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire or ring them on 0386 438429. If they take time to reply, don't worry. They've probably got their mouths full.

'No and low' beers

The party is in full swing, the wine and beer flowing like water, but there's one snag — you're driving home. Until recently the man who found himself in this predicament was forced to break the law, or spend the evening sipping sticky, sickly soft drinks, like orange juice or lemonade. The result was that far too many of us chose to break the law. But now that has all changed, thanks to the massive growth in no and low alcohol beers.

After a shaky start, 'no and lows' have expanded to such an extent that they now form one per cent of total beer sales, and are doubling year by year. Initially seen as rather a poor alternative to 'real' beer, brands like *Kaliber, White Label* and *Tennents LA* are now being enjoyed as products in their own right. Some people even prefer the 'lighter' taste of low alcohol drinks. Whilst I would not go so far as to say that, certainly the last two years has seen a dramatic improvement in quality, and they now offer a far better prospect than a night drinking Coca-Cola.



Two views of sex appeal. Th pictures come from Geoff H glossy new book 'Photograp Beautiful Women' publishe Patrick Stephens at £9.95.

The public's attention was first drawn to the idea of non-intoxicating beer with the launch of *Barbican*. Despite being heavily advertised on television (remember Lawrie McMenemy telling us, 'It's great, man!'?), drinkers didn't seem ready for an alcohol-free lager at that time, and the small cans it came in stayed behind the pub counter. It was with the emergence two years ago of *Kaliber*, brewed by Guinness, that many were tempted to try an alcohol-free product. Again heavily advertised on TV, this time with comedians like Billy Conolly talking seriously about how good it was, it has now become the market leader, helped in part by people's increased health awareness. It's success meant that a host of 'no and lows' would surely follow, and they have. At present there are at least 30 brands to choose from.

But with the exception of *St Christopher* from Allied Breweries, most of *Kaliber's* competitors (*Tennents* or *Swan Light* etc) have opted for low alcohol beer rather than alcohol-free. The terms are precisely defined. A no-alcohol product must contain less than 0.05 per cent alcohol by volume — considerably less than fruit juice (0.4 per cent) or even white bread (0.5 per cent). Low-alcohol beers can be up to 20 times stronger with a maximum of 1.1 per cent alcohol by volume, but still only a third as strong as standard lager such as Heineken at 3.4 per cent.

Although it can be argued that it is possible to get drunk on an LA beer (by drinking three times as much of it), the manufacturers say that they chose this path because it improved the lager's taste. *Kaliber* is a pleasant drink but has a taste all of its own. I find it leaves a tang that I personally dislike. The low alcohol beers don't seem to suffer in the same way, though they do

...w that too is ...a low' treatment. initially made in the usual way. Well, yes but they neglect to mention the duties they no longer have to pay on alcoholic beverages.

Young's have countered the arguments with their Extra Light. It comes in half-pint bottles and is the brewery's cheapest bottled beer. The price in most pubs is likely to be less than 60p a bottle.

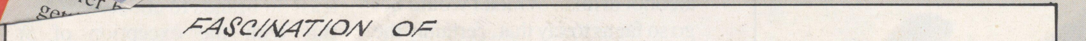
Marketing manager David Harvey, who has been instrumental in developing the new brew, said: "We are keeping the price as low as possible to give our customers an incentive not to drink when they are driving. Some brewers have been criticised over their pricing policies for low-alcohol beers. We want to make sure it is cheaper than our pale ale so that people feel they are getting value for money.'

Extra Light is brewed in the same way as Young's Bitter and Special, and then goes through a process called reverse osmosis to remove all but one per cent of its alcoholic content by volume.

When it comes to alcohol-free bitter there is no choice at all. Guinness are the proud producers of the country's only no-alcohol bitter, *Smithwicks*, named after a small Irish brewery. Like its low alcohol companions, it's rather sweet, but has the very strong malt taste of real ales. I found it a lot more pleasant than *Kaliber*, though served warm it rapidly lost its head. Again, though, it's, only available in bottles which makes it an expensive pint in the pub.

One thing seems certain that, with the arrival of all-day opening, the concern about drivers drinking and the ever present health lobby, our pubs will be under great pressure to offer at least one no or low alcohol lager and bitter. Whilst many of the products launched to cash in on the boom will almost certainly disappear, the ones that remain are bound to get better and better. Which has to be good news for the party-going motorist.

preter



Pamel

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWIN

You can tell a lot about a girl whose first statement is 'I quite fancy being called the Bude Nude' — followed by a burst of infectious laughter. Twenty-one-year-old, Cornish-born Pamela Hayle boasts a sense of humour as ample as her 38D-26-38 inch figure — and she insists there's a connection. 'I've been what you might call "lush" ever since I was at school, and I've always had a lot of attention. That makes you either dreadfully self-conscious, or the complete opposite. Guess how I ended up!' She still chuckles about the time she went topless sunbathing with girlfriends on a beach near Bude. 'They went for three days and no one talked to them. The day I took my top off three groups of lads sat down near us in the first hour! It didn't make me very popular, with my girlfriends. They didn't ask me back again!'

TWO DEFINITIVE GUIDES TO

LOVE & SEX

THE KAMA SUTRA the most renowned sex manual in the world, covering the erotic arts of lovemaking from the first smile through seduction and foreplay, to passionate consummation. Fully illustrated with over 100 superb colour photographs, depicting the various positions designed to give both partners maximum pleasure.
Was ~~£15.00~~ **NOW ONLY £11.95 inc p&p.**

HOW TO DRIVE YOUR MAN WILD IN BED This enligh-tening Adult Book will show both men and women how to come to terms with their own sexuality. Accompanied by over 70 colour photographs and real life letters it clearly explains everything from the art of stimulation to seduction.
Was ~~£15.00~~ **NOW ONLY £11.95 inc p&p.**

WARNING THESE ADULT BOOKS CONTAIN PICTURES AND TEXT OF AN EXTREMELY EXPLICIT NATURE. IF THIS IS LIKELY TO CAUSE OFFENCE PLEASE DO NOT PURCHASE. *ALL BOOKS WILL BE SENT UNDER A PLAIN PACKAGE.*

☎ **RED HOT SEX LESSONS - FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT 0836 402 107**
Personal tuition from SANDY. Phone for details
(Calls charged 25p a minute off peak. 38p a minute peak, excluding VAT)

M.O. Division Ltd., 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN.

Offer applies to Mail Order and Retail Outlets listed. Callers Welcome. Mon – Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri 8pm). General Enquiries Despatch Tel: 01-519 5736 Mr Patrick (Mon-Fri 9.30-5.30pm).

SEX SHOPS – LONDON (Sth) *14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** *528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** *178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** *193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** *14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** *56 Westmorland Rd. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *5 Scarcroft Rd. ●●● **WALES – WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. ●●● **N. IRELAND – BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who stock a range of adult products incidental to their main business: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7., 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent N.W.2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bullring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **IPSWICH** 9 Manning Rd, Felixstowe **LEEDS** 209 North St. **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND – EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Rd, Leith Walk ●●● **WALES – CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

M.O. Division Ltd., (Dept. MF) 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN

Please send me the books I have indicated below.

- ☐ THE KAMA SUTRA @ £11.95 inc. p&p.
- ☐ HOW TO DRIVE YOUR MAN WILD IN BED @ £11.95 inc. p&p.
- ☐ SAVE! buy both THE KAMA SUTRA and DRIVE YOUR MAN WILD IN BED for ONLY £19.95 inc. p&p.

I enclose cash/cheque/P.O. for £____________ payable to M.O. Division.
(If paying by cheque please add address to reverse).

NAME ____________

ADDRESS ____________

____

____________ POSTCODE ____________

I am aware of the nature of these Products and agree not to show them to minors

I am over 18. ____________ Signed.

Tobyward Reg. No. 1634311

THE MOMENTS YOU'LL NEVER FORGET

QUEST

In a major new series, beginning this month, Quest examines life crises and the way in which they can affect sexual behaviour. We start with women who are approaching their forties — a time for reassessment for most people, which can sometimes prompt the most intense and uncharacteristic outburts of eroticism as a 'last fling' before the onset of the middle years

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 38 years
Town of Origin.... Cheshunt
Other details.... This interviewee, a striking brunette, married at 19 and had two children in rapid succession. A keen cook, she began her own home catering business in her thirties.

Quest: Did your husband's adultery make you decide to be unfaithful?

Caterer: I was upset when Robert told me he'd had an affair with a woman at work, but I wasn't angry. Perhaps if it had been some gorgeous pouting 19-year-old I might have felt differently — but she was Robert's age, 40, married and obviously keen to stay that way. All that happened was that they both had too much to drink at an office Christmas party, and things got out of hand. According to Robert, they'd only done it once — in a storeroom, of all places. To be honest, I think Robert was more upset about it than me!

Quest: Why?

Caterer: I suddenly realised I still loved Robert, but I couldn't pretend after 17 years, that the sex we had was all that special, and exclusive any more. Because I was sure of my relationship with Robert, the sex didn't really matter that much. I think I shocked him!

Quest: By being so understanding?

Caterer: I'm sure he only told me so I'd punish him and he wouldn't feel so guilty! But we talked sensibly about it, and he admitted, if the roles were reversed, he'd understand a one-off lapse.

Quest: Did you think that gave you carte blanche?

Caterer: No, but I think it became part of a change in the way I looked at things. I was 37 then — the kids had all but gone. I did feel a need to break out, though I did surprise myself. Hugh was a part of that. Robert was convinced we were having an affair.

Quest: Tell me about Hugh.

Caterer: He managed the office buildings for a large firm I did contract work for, on retainer. Hugh was quite a gourmet, so he took a personal interest. He was in his early fifties, attractive,

HARD-SEX VIDEOS

SO STRONG THEY ARE ONLY AVAILABLE FROM THE LICENSED SEX SHOPS SHOWN

LEGAL NOTE: Although you can buy these videos illegally in Soho at "under the counter" prices of £50/£60 each, you can now buy them legally at the outlets below for a fraction of the price.

Under Government legislation the strongest hard- sex videos are only available from licensed sex shops shown - you cannot buy them from anywhere else.

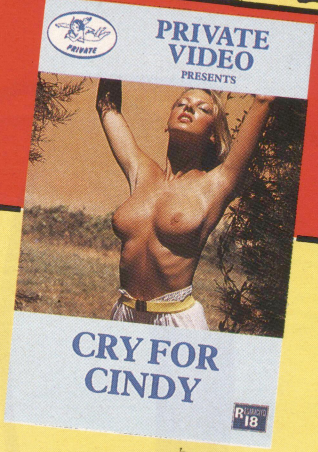
VIDEO RECORDING ACT

The Video Recording Act certificates all video recordings within certain classification categories from: °U = Universal - suitable for all. °'to 18' = for sale to persons over 18. In addition to this there is a special category classified

'RESTRICTED 18'

These are sex videos deemed too strong for general sale and therefore can only be purchased from licensed sex shops.

DISCOUNT PRICES
£14.95 EACH
ANY 2 - £27.90
ANY 4 - £51.95
ANY 6 - £69.95
ANY 9 - £99.95
PREVIOUSLY £49.95 EACH



SEX STAR BUY!!!

93 CRY FOR CINDY

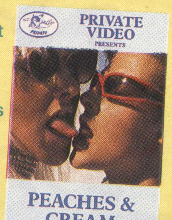
Cindy needs $50,000 in 6 months, she earns the money with some heavy sex, like a night with 2 butch females and an afternoon with the football team.

☎ **ARE YOU INTERESTED IN FREE ADULT VIDEOS?**
0836 402 102
Yes, the REAL THING and it's FREE - Phone SANDY for an explicit chat
(Calls charged 25p a minute off peak. 38p a minute peak)

Video Offers, 14 Bourne Road, Bexley, Kent.

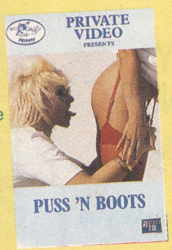
80 PEACHES AND CREAM

Sonny finds out about sex on the farm with her father's hired hand. She soon tires of her lover and heads for the big city, hitching her skirt and paying in kind for rides along the way.



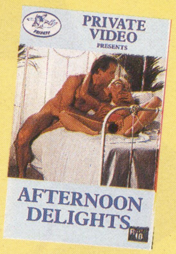
81 PUSS' N BOOTS

Imagine a women's army, with hard-nosed and hard-nippled butch lesbian sergeants. The young female recruits endure sexual harassment with varied responses.



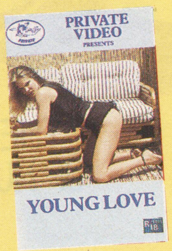
85 AFTERNOON DELIGHTS

Five divorced men meet for their weekly poker game. It is a special game this week though, as each man has to reveal their ex-wives' kinky sexual pleasures.



88 YOUNG LOVE

A young man with the stamina of a bull elephant gets a reputation in his town on account of his giant digit. His reputation goes before him and the ladies of the town are eager to experience it.

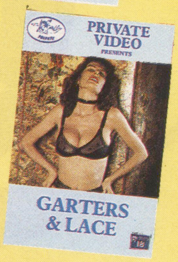


89 EXPECTATIONS

Two beautiful girls, bored with life, swap lifestyles and identities for two months. They swap lovers, fantasies and each others "Unusual" sexual habits. Classic oral sequences and thigh juddering climaxes.

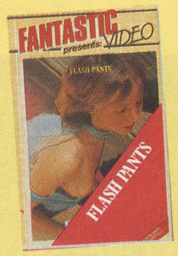
92 GARTERS AND LACE

Bert skips to Europe with stolen money. He spends it on sex, he hires the best prostitutes that money can buy and these high class hookers sure know how to pleasure a man.



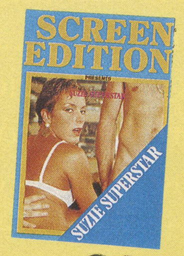
104 FLASH PANTS

Watch 'em come down, a Knicker Parade that turns into a strip off, then all our lovely girls are joined by lots of lucky lads for a sexual gymnastics session.



306 SUZIE SUPERSTAR

She is a superstar, a sex superstar. She screws regularly with her Manager, but also picks up lots of young studs, ageing businessmen and she doesn't worry if it's one, two, three or more.



VISIT OUR LICENSED SEX SHOPS
These videos are available from Video Offers, 14 Bourne Road, Bexley, Kent and from the other licensed premises listed.,

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley ★ 1539 London Road, Norbury SW16 ★ 19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** 3 Doncaster Rd. **BLACKBURN** 71 Darwen St. **BRIGHTON** 11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** 76 West St. **CHATHAM** 18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** 167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** 74 Butt Rd. **CROYDON** 109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** 91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** 61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private Shop 133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** 178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** 189 Grimsby Rd. **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** 25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** 41 Norfolk St. **LEICESTER** 116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** 68 High St. **LUTON** 74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** 77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** 54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** 55 Northdown Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** 95 Huddersfield Rd. **READING** 108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** 3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **WEST BROMWICH** 19 Bull St., Ringway **YORK** 5 Scarcroft Rd.

I wish to purchase the following video titles:

- ☐ 80 PEACHES AND CREAM
- ☐ 81 PUSS 'N BOOTS
- ☐ 85 AFTERNOON DELIGHTS
- ☐ 88 YOUNG LOVE
- ☐ 89 EXPECTATIONS
- ☐ 92 GARTERS AND LACE
- ☐ 93 CRY FOR CINDY
- ☐ 104 FLASH PANTS
- ☐ 306 SUZIE SUPERSTAR
- ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Cash/cheque/PO for £ ____________

Name ____________

Address ____________

____________ Postcode ____________

I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors

Signed ____________ I am over 18.

Video Offers, 14 Bourne Road, Bexley, Kent.

MF

953

QUEST

distinguished, divorced. I enjoyed his company. He made it fairly obvious he found me attractive, but he didn't make any passes, at least not until he asked me to go to a weekend conference with him on the south coast.
Quest: Did Hugh expect you to sleep with him?
Caterer: Robert obviously thought that was the whole point, but he didn't try to stop me. I told him that if he hadn't learned to trust me yet it was a bit late.
Quest: Did you mean it?
Caterer: Absolutely. I'd no intention of doing anything that would harm our marriage. Apart from that, I'd simply see what happened.
Quest: What did?
Caterer: We drove down late Friday afternoon, had the introductory speeches and a very nice dinner. I went to bed about twelve, quite tired. Just after I'd undressed and slipped on my dressing gown, Hugh knocked on the door, and wanted to talk, so I asked him in for a night cap. He was very straightforward. 'Hilary (name changed),' he said, 'we don't need to play silly games. You know how attractive I find you. I'd count it an enormous privilege if you'd allow me to spend tonight making love to you.'
Quest: What did you say?
Caterer: 'Couldn't I have just half an hour's rest, Hugh?'
Quest: So you turned him, down?
Caterer: I told him I was very flattered, but we were both worn out. Tomorrow night, when we were rested and relaxed, I'd be delighted if he'd make love to me for as long as he liked.
Quest: You meant that?
Caterer: Probably not until the moment he actually asked. But then I realised I had no reason to deny him, or myself really. Of course, I didn't expect it to turn out quite the way it did!
Quest: What way was that?
Caterer: During the next day's session I got to know more of the other people at the conference. Two, in particular, Jeremy and Graham, very attractive men in their late twenties — very funny, too — seemed to latch onto me. I suspected it was because there were very few other women around. They'd obviously decided they were there mainly for pleasure. They told me some quite disgusting stories about things — or should I say, girls — they'd got up to on previous conferences! I was quite sad they both vanished soon after dinner. But Hugh was obviously looking forward to an early night!
Quest: Did you enjoy it with him?
Caterer: It was the ordinariness of it that made it easy, and a bit disappointing too. We had a quiet drink together in Hugh's room, then he asked if I felt like shower. I thought we could have one together, which turned out to be the nicest thing we did. I got undressed in the bathroom, turned on the water and climbed in. Hugh got undressed next door, then slipped in beside me. It was all very childish and silly, but a good way of hiding any embarrassment. We were pressed so close together he couldn't give my body a complete once-over. I'm lucky that my boobs seem to have kept most of their shape, but ever since the children I've had an appalling spare tyre. But Hugh had a very nice body — quite heavily-built but all in the right place.
Quest: How sexually exciting did you find this?
Caterer: Very. I got Hugh to soap my back first, then he worked his way round onto my breasts, which gave him an erection. I remember thinking, 'This is the first grown man's erection I've seen, apart from my husband's, in 17 years'. Actually, it didn't look that different from Robert's! But I didn't touch it, because I was afraid he might come too soon, which is something Robert tends to do. Now I wish I had!
Quest: Why?
Caterer: After the shower we dried each other then we went back into the bedroom, where the lights were right down, and got on the bed. We started kissing and stroking, which I was really starting to enjoy, then Hugh stopped. He'd lost his erection. He was very embarrassed about it. He said it had happened a few times with his wife before their divorce, and he'd thought he was over it. I told him to lie still and I stroked his penis, but after a while it was obvious I wasn't getting anywhere. Then he said I shouldn't worry about him, he would just stroke me and give me a nice time. But I thought that would be selfish, and a bit pointless — he'd hardly be having me. So we had another drink. I told Hugh he had nothing to reproach himself for — at least he'd saved my guilty conscience. Then I got dressed again, and kissed him goodnight. I really did feel very sorry for him.
Quest: And sexually frustrated yourself?
Caterer: Well, obviously. But on the way back to my room I ran into Jeremy and Graham. They were both quite pie-eyed, but being very funny, so when they asked me into one of their rooms for a drink, I thought, why not? Apparently they'd been as unsuccessful as I'd been at a local disco — a couple of girls had led them on, they claimed, then backed out of a 'quickie' in a back alley at the last moment. It sounds awful now, but they described it in such an outrageous way I found it hysterical. Then they started asking me about Hugh — I hadn't realised we'd been a bit obvious. I wasn't going to let on and I said without thinking that he'd had a headache and gone to bed, which they found hysterical. Then Jeremy found we'd emptied their drinks fridge and stumbled off to his room for some more.
Quest: Leaving you alone with Graham?
Caterer: Not deliberately, I'm sure. But Graham and I were sitting on the end of the bed. He started saying a headache wouldn't put him off his stroke if he had a chance to take me to bed. I told him not to be silly — I was almost old enough to be his mother. Then he turned and looked at me, and I realised that, even if he was drunk, he meant it. That was when he leaned over and kissed me. And something just seemed to take over, and we were kissing quite passionately. Our drinks glasses ended up on the floor, and he was pushing me back onto the bed.
Quest: You didn't try to stop him?
Caterer: All I was aware of was that *this* was what I'd wanted Hugh to do to me, what — to be frank — I missed with Robert these days. As we went on kissing, he started fondling my breasts through my cocktail dress, and then pushing his hand up under the skirt, feeling my thighs, and my bottom, and then between my legs. He just seemed to want all of me all at once, as if he couldn't help himself — it was lovely! Especially from the sort of man I'd have thought myself lucky to get at 19 — if I'm brutally honest! And, of course, when he touched my pants I knew it would be a waste of time even trying to object.
Quest: Why?
Caterer: After what had happened with Hugh they were soaking. Graham got me to lean forward while he unzipped my dress and started fiddling with my bra catch.
Quest: Did you expect to have intercourse?
Caterer: I'd have been very upset if I hadn't! I was just worried the light was still on, and he'd be put off by my body. He was obviously used to bonking taut-fleshed nymphets with boobs that stood up on their own.
Quest: Was he put off?
Caterer: The opposite! We got the front of my dress down, and my bra slipped off my boobs, and the sight of them seemed to inspire him all over again. He pushed me back onto the bed, and began cupping and kissing them, running his tongue over my nipples, tweaking them between his teeth — it felt unbelievable. Then halfway through he suddenly tensed and stopped. He had the most enormous bulge in the front of his trousers — I thought he'd an accident. Then his face changed and he hissed, very urgently, 'Oh God — I've got to — I've got to do it now —' And I realised he was about to have an accident.
Quest: What did you do?
Caterer: He started pulling up my dress — I helped him, yanking down my pants, tearing them actually! I was as frantic as he was, gabbling at him, 'Wait! Don't come yet! Put it in first — please —!' He virtually yanked down his trousers and pants and thrust into me in the same movement — thank God I was swimming wet, he felt enormous!

'I was afraid I was too old for him, but when I took off my bra he seemed to go berserk'

Quest: Did he come quickly?
Caterer: No! After all that. He went in very deep and just started humping. Very energetically — I'd forgotten how forceful men his age could be! He just didn't stop. He was utterly relentless. Half a dozen times I was on the edge of a thunderous orgasm, and held back — stupidly, I suppose — because he hadn't come yet. Then all of a sudden he was pulling back. I asked what was wrong. He just hissed again, 'Turn over — quick — the other way'll be tighter —' I suddenly realised he could never have made love to a woman who'd had two children — he was used to fresh-bodied 19-year-olds with lovely tight pussy muscles — not an old Blackwall Tunnel like me! But he was already rolling me over, pushing my skirt, pressing my face down into the duvet as he took hold of my buttocks. Then he

STARLIGHT

QUALITY GUARANTEED AT PRICES YOU CAN AFFORD

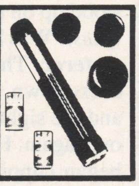
STARLIGHT PRODUCTS, 14 Bourne Rd, Bexley, Kent, DA5 1PA

ACTION PACKED VIBROS

MULTI-HEADER Multi-speed control and five very different pleasure heads for greater enjoyment **£11.95**
GIANT THRILLER A hand held giant, studded for extra thrills — plus variable control **£18.95**
8" *BENDER* Sheer ecstasy from this flexible latex vibrator with variable speed control **£8.50**
UP 'N' DOWNER The head moves backwards and forwards, twists & turns all on its own, with variable speed control. It's the real thing **£11.50**
FINGER & THUMB A squirming finger & thumb, add another two dimensions to your foreplay **£12.99**
VIBRO SLEEVE Soft pliable vibro cover. Fleshlike and realistic in every detail. Available 'flesh' or 'black' **£3.25**
CACTUS VIBRO 8 throbbing inches of exciting, caressing spikey satisfaction **£10.99**

BEAT THIS!

A very superior quality Non-Doctor set, with 3 different heads for all the excitement zones and a multiplicity of speed control for all your moods, is available at the
SILLY PRICE OF £9.95.



7½" MULTI-SPEED VIBRATOR The high quality, reliable version that goes on and on. **£4.50**
MINI VIBRO A rampant 4½" stimulator. Its tip will drive her wild **£3.75**

CREAMS, TABLETS AND CAPSULES

APHRODITES TABLETS Just ½ a tablet and she'll be hungry for sex **£6.50**
GINSENG TABLETS Potent enough to put the zest back in your love-life 50 tablets **£5.00** 100 tablets **£8.00**
SEXUAL LUBRICANT This super sex lubricant should be rubbed into the more sensitive parts of the body. It reduces friction and greatly increases the excitement. One Jar **£4.99** Two Jars **7.99**
FEMALE BLISS CREAM Hightens the sensations of the more sensual parts. One Jar **£4.50** Two Jars **£7.50**
SEX SUGAR It will dramatically increase your sexual urge. One Box **£2.99** Two Boxes **£4.99**
MOTION LOTION Hot and tasty lotion for all parts of the body. Lubricates, invigorates and stimulates **£5.95**
STUD DELAY CREAM Apply to the penis before intercourse to keep him going longer & longer **£5.25**
STUD ACTION CREAM Rub into the penis to help assist and sustain a good strong erection **£5.25**
ORGASM CREAM Raises the temperature, increases sensitivity to help you climax more easily **£4.25**

NEW! POWERFUL! MUIRA PUAMA

NEW! POWERFUL! MUIRA PUAMA Just two or three drops, Get and give the pleasure a full, firm, thrusting penis can deliver **£6.50.**

ADULT MAG PACK Swedish Erotica Collection — Probably the best in adult sex mags. Big girls and even bigger fellas performing in front of the camera. All colour. 4 different just **£15.**

EXERCISERS & DEVELOPERS

FOR HIM

THE WORLD FAMOUS CHARTHAM METHOD
Proved by doctors time after time to be effective and safe for penis enlargement. Complete with full detailed instructions **£19.50**
ACTION MAN The better developer with built in vibrator to make penis development a pleasure **£21.99**
POWER DEVELOPER Designed to enlarge your penis. Produced in soft latex for extra comfort **£17.99**
EXTENSION SHEATH Adds 1½" to the length of your penis — black or flesh **£4.00.** One of each **£7.00**
STALLION DELAY SPRAY Fully tested — its the best there is for controlling premature ejaculation **£5.00.** 2 sprays **£8.00**
MALE DEVELOPMENT SPRAY Just two or three sprays provides maximum staying power anytime, anywhere **£5.00.** 2 sprays **£8.00**

FOR HER

COVER GIRL A revealing sexy peephole bra and matching crutchless briefs. Black, white, red, blue. One size **£7.25**
HAREM GIRL A titilating tiny tassel set that just covers the nipples. For all swingers! One size **£5.99**
RHAPSODY BASQUE Daring satin cupless basque — black with red trimming. State size **£18.50**
BABY DOLL A daring see-through top and pantie set. Black, white, or red — one size **£10.75**
SILKY SATIN LINGERIE SET A slinky, sexy fun set to turn him on at anytime. **£13.99**
ELECTRIC LOVE EGG The most advanced feminine stimulant **£5.50**
ORIENTAL DUO BALLS A devilishly simple oriental sex aid that never stops working **£4.50**

SEX EDUCATION BOOKS

SENSUAL SECRETS Sex charged action. Marilyn Chambers, America's first lady of sex, shows how she likes it. She's featured in action throughout. 300+ sex charged colour pics **£7.50.**

INTERCOURSE ILLUSTRATED All positions shown. Learn how to make the most of your favourite positions, guided by precise descriptions. Over 200 detailed pics including pulsating close-up shots **£4.95.**

FREE — SEDUCTION KIT

Spend £3 or more at any outlet listed below and collect free **"SEDUCTION KIT"** gift of £6.95.

SPRAY ON SEX APPEAL

ATTRACTANT 10 The strong male pheremone — a short spray is all you need to attract women, the key to unlock a woman's sensuality and arouse her innermost desires without her being aware of it.
Spray on sex appeal — Heaven scent **£9.95.**

CONTRACEPTIVES

All types are available in packs of 24 & 144. Whichever type you order, you will only receive the best quality branded versions, which have been scientifically tested to the highest standards. However, due to the great demand and our wish to maintain our rapid "by return" service, the brand name and make of condom may vary.

	24 Price £	144 Price £
(CV/A) Dotted - for female arousal	2.99	14.99
(CV/B) Ribbed - extra excitement	3.99	19.99
(CV/C) Dotted & Ribbed - a real turn on	5.99	29.99
(CV/D) Thin - ultra thin, ultra strong	3.95	19.99
(CV/E) Contoured - a realistic shape	3.99	19.95
(CV/F) Spermicide - added protection	5.95	29.45
(CV/G) Small - snug fit for pleasure	5.99	29.99
(CV/H) Black - very wicked	4.49	22.99
(CV/J) Standard - suits everyone	3.50	17.69
(CV/K) Delay - helps you keep it up	5.40	26.99
(CV/L) Stimulant - extra pleasure	5.50	27.99
(CV/M) Coloured - a riot of fun	3.99	19.95
(CV/N) Durex - non lubricated	3.00	14.99
(CV/P) Assortment - includes all the	4.50	19.95

FRENCH TICKLERS RE-USABLE
Worn as a contraceptive, the devilish protruding arms will tickle her fancy like never before.
(FT/A) Flesh - pack of 8 **£10.00**
(FT/B) Black - pack of 8 **£10.00**

ADULT VIDEOS

State system when ordering: VHS, BETA
EMMANUELLES SILVER TONGUE
Emmanuelle uses here quick silver tongue on Billy and Andrea to great effect. It speaks the language of sex.
ONLY £23.95
UNDERGRADUATE GIRLS
You will not need your imagination with this one. The close-ups are shocking, the action continuous. Oh to be an undergraduate boy! **£23.95**
BOTH VIDEOS £45.00

* **NYMPHO GIRLS** A girlie video with an exciting and explicit difference — including blonde on blonde. **£19.95**
* **HOMETOWN GIRLS** A genuine, housewives, girlfriends, and the girl next door, stripping for fun and pleasure. **£19.95**
* **BOTH VIDEOS FOR £35.00**
ALL 4 VIDEOS FOR ONLY £59.95

COLOUR CATALOGUES £2.00

FILMS, VIDEOS, AIDS, BOOKS & MAGAZINES, LINGERIE

Just £2 brings you our bumper bundle pack of 3, yes 3 Catalogues! Your £2 is refunded with first Order.

ORDER BY POST OR CALL IN PERSON

The products in this advertisement are available amongst the adult shops listed.

MON-SAT 9.30-6pm (FRI 8pm).

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) *14 Bourne Rd., (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd., Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** *528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** *178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** *193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** *14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** *56 Westmorland Rd. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *5 Scarcroft Rd. ●●● **WALES — WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who stock a range of adult products incidental to their main business: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7., 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent N.W.2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bullring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **IPSWICH** 9 Manning Rd, Felixstowe **LEEDS** 209 North St. **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Rd, Leith Walk ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

I have listed below the items I require and enclose cash/cheque/PO for £ . If paying by cheque, add name and address to reverse side. All goods sent under plain cover.

Tobyward Ltd. Reg No. 16343

Name

Address

Postcode

I am over 18 and aware that these products are for my personal use only and must not be shown to minors.

Signed

STARLIGHT PRODUCTS, (MF)
14 Bourne Rd, Bexley, Kent DA5 1PA

940

poked himself into me from behind — and it was a very different angle, as well as a lot tighter, with even more feeling, and after a half a dozen strokes I couldn't hold anything back. I just started to climax, gasping and wailing on the end of his penis, and after a couple of spasms I actually felt him let go too. That was gorgeous.
Quest: Did the relationship continue?
Caterer: We were tidying up when Jeremy came back. I tried to pretend nothing had happened, which was stupid because it must have been so obvious. The next day, after lunch, I went back home with Hugh. We're still friends, by the way.
Quest: Any more sexual adventures since?
Caterer: No. I don't rule them out, but what happened made me realise I have changed. That was what was really important.
Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

PERSONAL FILE
Name....Withheld
Sex.....Male
Age....31 years
Town of Origin....
Coventry
Other details....This interviewee studied science at university and now works in the systems department of a large, London-based company. He lives with his fiancee.

Quest: You seem to have specialised in having sexual relationships with mature women.
Systems Analyst: No — there've only been two experiences. But I'm convinced women of a certain age are a ripe field for sex.
Quest: Can you explain?
Systems Analyst: When women approach their forties — and the end of child-bearing — there's a tendency to panic, to feel men will no longer find them attractive; they often need to prove they're still desirable, to break out in a kind of last fling.
Quest: Are these observations the result of being seduced by an early age by your aunt?
Systems Analyst: And what a woman of 38 told me — last Christmas, in fact.
Quest: Your second mature woman experience?
Systems Analyst: She was a senior secretary at work. A married woman, a very attractive face, tall, blonde, though quite large in the rear. We've had a sort of vaguely flirting relationship ever since I joined. At our staff Christmas outing I was put next to her, and we ended up sharing a taxi back from the restaurant. We'd both had a lot to drink, we'd had a fairly rude conversation — she told me that after 15 years of marriage her husband didn't do anything for her in bed anymore, and she'd decided she deserved a couple of 'adventures' before she was completely past it. So we started snogging in the taxi. Then we went back to the office at about half eight, and had sex on my office carpet.
Quest: Satisfactorily?
Systems Analyst: Yes, with a hiccup or two. I did find her attractive, and keen, though when we got down to our underclothes, I realised I'd forgotten how much softer a mature woman's flesh is — having screwed young ones for so long — and she really didn't have much in the way of boobs. But then she peeled down her pants. Until then I'd ignored her bum, mainly because I'm basically a boob man. But it was gorgeous. Unbelievably round and full, like two footballs, on top of good legs, too. So my interest revived.
Quest: And you were able to have intercourse?
Systems Analyst: Three times. The first time on top, and then twice from behind. I say, twice. The second time — she was on all fours them — I was hard enough to bring her off, but it was too soon for me to ejaculate again. But the third time she bent over the desk and I fucked her standing up, and we both came. It was great. And no comebacks afterwards — she was quite clear it was just an adventure.
Quest: Tell me about you aunt?
Systems Analyst: Clare was actually an old friend of my mother's who wanted to take in lodgers where I was at university. She and my mother had only written in years. My mother always used to say what good fun they had when they were single. I think she assumed Clare had settled down into the sort of sedate, middle-aged mum she had.
Quest: She hadn't
Systems Analyst: No. Clare was 36 for a start, four years younger than my mother; divorced and very well-preserved.
Quest: And Clare obviously didn't regard you as a nephew?
Systems Analyst: That's one of the great lost opportunities of my life. There's no doubt in my mind that I could have screwed her.
Quest: But you didn't?
Systems Analyst: I was the original dum-dum where women were concerned. I was 18, went to a single sex private school — an only child, shy — I'd never had a girlfriend. Clare built on that — it's obvious to me now.
Quest: Did you find her attractive?
Systems Analyst: I had lurid fantasies about her all the time — mainly fed by herself.
Quest: How?
Systems Analyst: Remarks like, 'It's so nice to have a man about the house' — knocking but walking straight in when I was dressing — getting me to zip up the backs of her dresses — inviting me into her bedroom to hook up the back of a basque-corset thing she was wearing.
Quest: Was that all she was wearing?
Systems Analyst: She had a slip on. But the thing was a kind of bra too — I had half a dozen hooks to do. She was tumbling out a bit at the front — not enough to show nipples, but she had those deep, soft, pillowy sort of boobs. By the way she was looking at me in the dressing table mirror as I hooked her, I thought one of us was going to explode. But I just couldn't believe that she seriously wanted sex off me. Then, as I finished, she just laughed, said I was her favourite fellow and told me to run along.
Quest: So when did your 'experience' happen?
Systems Analyst: Basically she found me in bed with a naughty magazine, which was my main source of relief at the time. She'd gone out, I'd gone to bed and couldn't sleep and was sitting up looking through it when she came back. I heard her take a shower, but it was well after midnight — I didn't expect to see her. Then suddenly she barged straight in. I nearly had a heart attack.
Quest: How was she dressed?
Systems Analyst: In a long, quilted dressing gown — fairly loosely tied — hair pinned up. Still with her make-up on, and obviously a bit tiddly. I snatched the mag away, but she plonked herself down on the side of the bed, and insisted on seeing what I was trying to hide. I was scarlet by this time. I expected to be accused of being a pervert, a degenerate, God knows what. But it was worse. She seemed genuinely fascinated. She started flicking through the mag, asking me which girls I fancied, which pictures turned me on most. I cannot describe the torture it was.
Quest: Because you were getting an erection?
Systems Analyst: I'd already been nursing a biggie for a good half hour. Clare's arrival had wilted it, but going through the same pictures again, with her thigh touching mine, and only a single sheet covering me to my waist started it on the rise again. I was *praying* it wouldn't get any bigger than the wrinkles in the sheet. Then, just when I thought I'd be OK, Clare leaned across me to steady herself — deliberately or not, I don't know — and, of course, her hand brushed it. I jumped like a scalded rabbit, and she cried out, 'Oh what's that?' Then burst out laughing as she realised straightaway. Then she glanced back at the picture she'd been looking at in the magazine, and said, 'Well, I can see *she's* made a big impression!'
Quest: How did you react to that?
Systems Analyst: If I could have made the bed fall through the floor, I would have. The fact that Clare seemed hugely amused didn't help, either. Then she quietened down, and said, 'A nice-looking young fellow shouldn't bother with pictures like this. You ought to find yourself a girlfriend, a real woman —' By the way she looked at me, there was no way she didn't mean herself. But I just sat there paralysed. Then her hand moved back across my waist, and suddenly stopped on the lump my cock was making.
Quest: Deliberately?
Systems Analyst: Oh yes. Time — my heartbeat — everything just stopped. She was saying very

As she leaned over my bed, I prayed the wrinkles in the sheet would hide my excitement

ANY 4 TITLES £11.95
ALL 12 TITLES
ONLY £20

12 SEX VIDEO TITLES

AT WELL UNDER £2 EACH

EXPLICIT IMPORTED SCAN TITLES

ALL NEW!

"You don't need to understand what they are saying because you can sure see what they are doing."

Not only can you buy these sex videos at rock bottom prices but you also get genuine explicit hard-core. The reason is simple, when we decide the videos are good enough, and strong enough, we buy by the thousands - and that's why we can offer you explicit sex videos titles at rock bottom prices which means you can order without worrying about supply.

Our latest purchase prompted one of our Managers to say "You don't need to understand what they are saying because you can sure see what they are doing."

LOW PRICES

Because of the low prices and the high cost of packaging and despatch, we ask only that you buy a minimum of 4 titles as the groups listed.

FV/21 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES REDUCED TO JUST £11.95

SEX IN THE HEAD. Diana is a prostitute. She encounters full sex, all-girl action, hard lust, and brothel sex, where the Madame spies on the girls.

ONE WOMAN'S LOVER. George visits his uncle's villa and meets his cousin Betty and the uncle's au pair. George is soon inside the au pair, when Betty walks in and climbs on the bed with them. He takes them both together.

EMMANUELLE'S SILVER TONGUE. Emmanuelle uses her charms on Andrea, Billy and Bobby. They indulge in an orgy, then Andrea and Emmanuelle explore each other, leading to a raging climax.

HOT, FAST AND LOOSE. Wild beautiful girls into every type of sexual action. They are all loose, fast and very, very hot.

FV/22 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES PRICES SLASHED TO £11.95

SWEET SEXUAL AWAKENING. Maria hires the local fishing boat to take her sight seeing around the Islands. Soon she notices the bulges in the fisherman's jeans and strips off and is taken time and time again.

GIRL OF PASSION. The prim and proper sisters appear to have no sex life, but while one is touring the seedy areas of town, being taken by anyone she can pick up, her sister is with her female lover.

SHE KNEW NO OTHER WAY. Desperate to 'make it' in films, the beautiful Maya agrees to take part in a blue movie. She has never been with another woman or another man. Soon there are six naked bodies around.

SEXORCIST. An ordeal of passion and possession of ritual sex, black magic and devilish lust. The beautiful and sexy Demella succumbs to the influence and lends her body to the cause.

FV/23 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES DOWN IN PRICE TO £11.95

VICES IN THE FAMILY. Giacoma is having his uncle's wife and the upstairs maid. Marisa his girlfriend is being taken by the butler and Giacoma's uncle while having all girl sex with both the upstairs maid and the uncle's wife.

RANCH OF NYMPHO GIRLS. The cyclist is told by the farmer he can sleep in the barn for the night. Suddenly one of the daughters is climbing under the blanket with him. No sooner is he inside her, when another daughter arrives. Then the other.

CONFESSIONS OF A RIDING MISTRESS. The riding mistress is certainly teaching Larry how to ride, but Larry would rather ride her. Eventually Larry has her standing up behind the stable. Then it is sex lessons every odd half hour.

WAVES OF LUST. 2 couples spend a weekend on a luxury yacht. The next morning they see the wife of the other couple giving her husband oral while one of the crew takes her.

VIDEO OFFERS, 34 UPTON LANE, FOREST GATE, LONDON E7 9LN

☎ **INGA ON THE SWEDISH LINE GOES ALL THE WAY 0836 402 106**
You'll never have heard anything like it
(Calls charged 25p a minute off peak. 38p a minute peak)

CALLERS WELCOME. These videos and many other adult products are available amongst the outlets listed. Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri 8pm).

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) *14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** *528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** *178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** *193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** *14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** *56 Westmorland Rd. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *5 Scarcroft Rd. ●●● **WALES — WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who stock a range of adult products incidental to their main business: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7., 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent N.W.2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bullring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **IPSWICH** 9 Manning Rd, Felixstowe **LEEDS** 209 North St. **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Rd, Leith Walk ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

***

Please rush me, under plain cover, the video titles and system I have indicated below.
I enclose cash/cheque/P.O. for £ ______ made payable to Video Offers. If paying by cheque add your name and address to reverse side.

☐ All 12 titles £20 ☐ FV/21 x 4 £11.95 ☐ FV/22 x 4 titles £11.95
☐ FV/23 x 4 titles £11.95 ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Name ______
Address ______
Postcode ______

I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors

Signed ______ I am over 18

VIDEO OFFERS (Dept. MF) 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN

945

Tobyward Ltd Reg No. 1634311

QUEST

quietly, 'There's no need to waste your strength on paper women —' In a kind of dream, I felt her fingers closing round my shaft, through the sheet, and very slowly start to squeeze and pull at my cock. At the same time she'd leaned far enough forward for her dressing gown to bulge open at the top, and I was staring at almost all of one large, fleshy boob, including most of one pink and very stiff nipple.
Quest: Did that break your paralysis?
Systems Analyst: Just about. I was trembling now, anyway. I reached forward — Clare just watched me — put my hand into her dressing gown, and closed it round this gorgeously soft, warm, bare breast.
Quest: How did Clare respond?
Systems Analyst: Her grin faded and she closed her eyes and sighed. Then she seemed to wake up, drew the sheet off my waist with one hand and took hold my bare cock with the other. 'God,' she said, 'you don't know how long it's been since I felt anyone so *hard* —' And she started pulling at me.
Quest: Masturbating you?
Systems Analyst: Yes, and moaning while I went on fondling her boob. Which lasted all of ten seconds. I passed the point of no return, and groaned. Clare, for some reason, pumped me even harder, and then shrieked when I suddenly went up like Vesuvius. All over the place. Then she was gasping. 'Oh God! How stupid! How *stupid!*' I thought she meant me, but then she jerked herself away and hurried out. She avoided me for nearly a week after that. Then it was the end of term. Next term I was offered a room in college. But I'm sure if I'd played my cards with some sense I could have had a very educative time in those digs.
Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Female
Age. . . . 40 years
Town of Origin. . . . Glasgow
Other details. . . . This interviewee, an attractive blonde, married at 22 and was divorced 13 years later. Re-married at 36, she is now separated, living with a boyfriend.

Quest: Would you say your second husband exploited you?
Divorcee: Yes, but I was no angel. I was 36. All the things that he brought out were already in me. My mistake was mixing up those needs with my feelings for him.
Quest: He was quite a bit younger than you, wasn't he?
Divorcee: Colin was 29, seven years younger. A very mature 29, though.
Quest: Even though he persuaded you to pose for nude photographs in front of his friends?
Divorcee: Yes.
Quest: And encouraged you to masturbate during these posing sessions?
Divorcee: Yes.
Quest: As well as taking pictures of you having sex with two of these men?
Divorcee: That happened, yes.
Quest: I'm not trying to embarrass you. But you must admit it sounds pretty outrageous. I'd just like to know how it happened.
Divorcee: It *is* outrageous. I've only ever told you, and my boyfriend, everything. But it didn't happen all at once. And I had been a model before, back in the mid-sixties.
Quest: What sort of model?
Divorcee: Glamour, or what passed for it, then. Topless, but no pubes or full frontals. I only did clubs. I was just doing it for laughs. I was fairly wild at that age. Then I met my first husband, who'd never have put up with anything like that, so I stopped, until I met Colin.
Quest: How did that happen?
Divorcee: At a fairly ordinary party. His first chat-up line was that he wanted to take my picture. He worked in a studio, but he wasn't a professional photographer. I thought he was playing the fool, but he got my number out of the host and rang me a few days later. It took me a while to believe that he actually fancied me.
Quest: Why?
Divorcee: At 36, you hardly expect some virile 29-year-old to want anything off you, apart from a relatively easy poke.
Quest: So what happened?
Divorcee: He took me out to dinner and I gave him a relatively easy poke!
Quest: Seriously?
Divorcee: Oh yes. He was attractive, attentive, didn't have any obvious bad habits — and he asked me. I'd been divorced from my husband for three months, and we hadn't even pretended to have sex for two years before that. I'm only human.
Quest: Did you enjoy that?
Divorcee: It was gorgeous. I'd honestly begun to think my sex life was over. I think I'm quite highly sexed — I'm sure I first took up modelling because the boys I knew at the time weren't giving me what I wanted. Brian, my first husband never thought much beyond the missionary position. When I think of our marriage, what I remember most is waiting for him to leave in the morning so I could lock myself in the loo and touch myself!
Quest: Colin was different?
Divorcee: Well, he had a pretty filthy mind, which helped! But yes. The first time we went back to his flat, had a cuddle on the sofa, he asked me to stay, at the third request I said yes. We went into the bedroom, got undressed in the dark, climbed into bed, and had intercourse. I wasn't expecting the earth. It was a minor miracle to me to actually feel a stiff cock inside me again. But then he put the bedside lamp on, pulled back the sheet and said he wanted a proper look at me. I was petrified.
Quest: Why?
Divorcee: I might have been gorgeous enough to parade about in the altogether at 18, and I've always looked after my figure, but I was twice that age now. I lay there trembling. But Colin

BINDERS, KEEPERS

Are your favourite copies of *Mayfair* becoming dog-eared with re-reading? Do you have trouble finding that special feature, fiction, funny or female? Give your collection the permanence and appeal of a select gentleman's library with a *Mayfair* binder. Manufactured in stiff, hardback card in stylish dark green, each binder can hold 12 issues, including the bumper Christmas edition, and is marked with the distinctive *Mayfair* logo in gold lettering. For just £7 (including postage and packaging) you can compile a private library of Britain's best-selling men's magazine.

To: Pat Asquith,
Mayfair Magazine,
95a Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me . . . . . binder(s) at £7 each.
I enclose cheque or postal order for £. . . . .
made payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd or debit my Access/American Express account:

Card No. . . . .
Name . . . .
. . . .
Address . . . .
. . . .
. . . .
Signature . . . .
Date M24/1

All orders sent in plain wrapper.
Available UK only. Reg. 875169

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

QUEST

knelt down beside me and went over literally every inch of my body.
Quest: How?
Divorcee: Licking me, kissing me, stroking me — making love to me. As if my body was something incredible to him. And when he got to my pussy he gave the most mind-boggling oral sex I'd ever had. He wasn't just licking my clit and pushing his tongue right up between my lips, he was tonguing my other hole as well — and it all seemed to be happening at once. I was just so wrought-up — it was like ten years of pent-up orgasms all being let out at the same time. I started to come, and I couldn't stop! I honestly thought I'd die. But in the middle of it I wanted Colin to feel it too — it seemed so unfair that he wasn't — I was begging him to 'Put it in — stick it in! — fuck me — just fuck me!' But instead he surprised me again.
Quest: In what way?
Divorcee: Still massaging my pussy with one hand, he straddled me, put his cock between my boobs and started to squeeze them round his shaft. As soon as I realised what he was doing, and saw a bloated red *thing* staring me straight in the face, I just had to lick it, suck it, get it inside me somehow! But, of course, the moment I jerked my head forward and touched his tip with my lips, he exploded. It was like every sort of shameful dream I'd ever had on the loo. After that, I suppose I must have been easy for Colin to work on. I did get pretty obsessed with him. But it must have been mutual — we were married in six weeks.
Quest: When did the photography start?
Divorcee: Colin was taking my picture, privately, all the time. He was actually the sort of guy I'd have been posing for 18 years ago — he belonged to a club, and he and his friends arranged photo-sessions for themselves. But I hadn't taken much notice of the glamour world since I'd stopped, and I was astonished by the sort of pictures they were taking.
Quest: Why particularly?
Divorcee: Eighteen years ago you could only have bought them under the counter — wide open leg shots, girls fingering themselves. I could see why Colin was so keen on his club nights. Then, of course, it was, 'If you don't trust me with all these nubile nymphets you can always put on a session yourself at home.' The next thing I knew he'd shown his friends some of my pictures and they were apparently raring to see me pose.
Quest: Did that upset you?
Divorcee: I was afraid they were only being polite. I couldn't see them choosing to ogle some 36-year-old bag when there was a busty teeny-bopper as an alternative. But in the end we had four of them round one evening. I made up some sandwiches and got into some sexy underwear, and we took the pictures in the living room.
Quest: How did it go?
Divorcee: Very well. I was shaking like a leaf, but the fellows were lovely, claiming it was a welcome change to have a 'mature woman' they could talk to as well as admire. They were very complimentary about my figure, too.
Quest: Did you do a full strip?
Divorcee: I'd told Colin I'd see how things went, though I'd actually decided I'd only take my bra off. But, in the event, dropping my knicks didn't bother me. It's a bit like riding a bike — once you've done it, you don't forget. So after that the sessions became a regular thing.
Quest: How sexually charged were they?
Divorcee: Between Colin and I, enormously. It knocked me out he was that proud of my body he wanted to show me off — and it knocked *him* out that I was willing to do it for him. You can't imagine the sense of freedom it gave me. It was a game Colin and I were playing. He was always getting me to push the poses, to make them a little bit more daring each time — especially when he could see I was getting turned on.
Quest: Was that the source of your masturbation poses?
Divorcee: That sounds so clinical, as if I just lay down and did myself. It wasn't like that at all. It was a very long session, and I was probably being asked to touch myself a little bit more than usual —
Quest: Touch yourself in what way?
Divorcee: My pussy, my labia. Only a fingertip or two.
Quest: And what happened?
Divorcee: I got over-excited. It wasn't anything I could help. It just crept up on me.
Quest: Did you have an orgasm?
Divorcee: Enough for everyone to notice!
Quest: What effect did it have on them?
Divorcee: It turned them on! Colin and I used to aim for what we called our 'tent' poses. That was one of the best.
Quest: What is a 'tent' pose?
Divorcee: Basically a pose that got a reaction from the guys' trousers, made them 'tent' out!
Quest: Their excitement didn't bother you?
Divorcee: Early on, it would have appalled me. But after the first couple of months I knew them all so well, it wasn't like a private teasing game any more — just turning on Colin and I so we'd screw like crazy as soon as they'd gone — it was something we all shared.
Quest: Whose idea was it to have actual sex with them?
Divorcee: That just happened too. Colin started posing with me — with his clothes on — for a laugh. Just cuddling me, putting his hands over my boobs. Then we decided that was just being silly. Next time Colin should bite the bullet, and strip off too. So that's what we did, and we ended up making love.
Quest: In front of your friends?
Divorcee: On a mat in the living room. I must admit, until it actually happened, I never thought I would, or that Colin would. But it was so easy. It was like living a dream. I was aware of the others standing round us, taking their pictures, but I sort of included them — it didn't occur to me to feel embarrassed or ashamed. I just concentrated on the lovely things Colin was doing to me, and I even managed to climax, which astonished me! But that was a watershed. I was in unknown territory after that. No one I knew from my previous life would have understood me doing that. They'd have assumed I'd become depraved or gone mad or something. Perhaps I had. Emotionally I was completely dependent on Colin then. If he'd told me to screw each of his friends in front of him I'd have stripped off and done it.
Quest: Instead he only suggested two?
Divorcee: He wanted me to pose with Don and Keith, who were his closest friends — all three of us nude. I liked them, and they were both attractive guys, but it seemed a different kind of thing to me. Before, whatever happened, he and I had been at the centre of it. For a start I wasn't sure if he expected me to have sex with them. Colin insisted it was better to let things happen naturally.
Quest: Are you saying he forced you?
Divorcee: I wasn't *happy* about it, but I didn't want to disappoint him. And, of course, as soon as we started it happened exactly the way I expected.
Quest: Which was?
Divorcee: Don and Keith both got erections and we ended up writhing about on the floor in a threesome. There wasn't any posing as such. It was just more of what Colin and I had done together, except now he was the one watching and taking pictures.
Quest: How active a part did you play?
Divorcee: Not enormously at first, but obviously two hard young male bodies stroking me and fondling me had a reaction. I finished up on all fours, straddling Don's head and he started tonguing my clitoris, and basically fingering me, while Keith pushed his thing in my face. I took hold of it and gave him a gentle wank, mainly to distract him. Then what Don was doing finally got through to me, and — not to put too fine a point on it — I wanted whatever they could give me. So I started sucking Keith. That's when Don stopped using his fingers on me and got up and did me instead.
Quest: So you were having both men simultaneously?
Divorcee: Yes. Don got very energetic, pushing very deep into me, so that I could hardly keep Keith in my mouth, then Don came, and about two spurts later Keith came too.
Quest: What about you?
Divorcee: Physically it was almost too much sensation to cope with. Then, Colin suddenly appeared in front of me — unbelievably turned on, his jeans open, stiff as a ramrod — obviously expecting me to take him too. I just couldn't cope. It wasn't what I really wanted.
Quest: In what way?
Divorcee: I suddenly realised he hadn't been looking at *me* at all — only at what was being done to me. I was his fantasy — just as he'd been mine. But that's not life, not married life anyway. It took some time for me to realise it, but that was that.
Quest: And your present boyfriend?
Divorcee: Let's say our sex life is adventurous but monogamous. I'm very settled now.
Quest: Thank you.

'At 36, I stripped for the camera club. They liked having a mature woman to talk to as well as admire'

EXPLICIT SCAN MAGS
UNCENSORED -UNDER £1.50 EACH

Completely uncensored, full colour sex mags that would cost £25 each and more in Soho. Superb printing in full colour ensures that nothing is missed out, bringing you a feast of uncensored sex.

The low prices are only available because we bulk bought nearly 2 million titles and we are selling them in groups to keep the high cost of individual magazine despatch down. We are sure you will appreciate our efforts in keeping costs down and we ask only that you buy, at least, 6 titles in the groups offered.

MS/11 THESE SIX MAG TITLES JUST £9.95

RODOX: Stunning well built girls turn the boys on to produce more and more frantic action.

2 GIRL: Packed with hot pics of 2 girl sex action with the older woman and her young blonde lover.

SENSATION: George when roused can satisfy, at least, three sex-hungry girls together and they love every minute of it.

COLOR CLIMAX: John Holmes' massive manhood overwhelms Ursula. You will, also, be amazed.

TRANSEXUAL TRIO: You can hear the sound of leather and the clanking of chains in this explicit portrayal. Mixed sex like you have never seen it mixed before!

PUSSYCAT: All girl group sex orgy – packed with soft blondes and big brunettes.

18 SEX MAG TITLES AT CRAZY PRICES

MS/12 THESE SIX MAG TITLES ONLY £9.95

BLUE CLIMAX: A frantic sex orgy when five well-built guys take on the mini-skirted blondes.

BI-SEXUAL ORGY: An upstairs, downstairs tale of hidden lust between the maid and the master, the butler and the mistress. The trainee nurse bares her soul to Sister.

BALLOONS: Big boob special, nipple massage, squashed melons, oiled boobs and nipple sex.

SWEDISH SEX: When it's 'lights out' in the dormitory, these sexy college girls get into a riot of sexual pleasure with each other.

THAI HOOKERS: Uniform sex and strict discipline that is the speciality of the Thai hooker.

SC*:** This famous sex magazine features the oversize Gardener and the sexy French Maid.

6 TITLES £ 9.95
12 TITLES £18.95
ALL 18 £24.95

MS/13 THESE SIX MAG TITLES JUST £9.95

PRIVATE: While the Groom gets drunk, the bride is kept busy in a trio orgy with her bridesmaid and the best man.

COLLEGE GIRLS: College girls galore sharing the pleasure of sex with their room-mates and any male visitor lucky enough to be invited.

EXCITING: All girl sex, on their own, together and in group sex pleasure.

SWEDISH EROTICA: She's crazy for sex, ready and willing to be taken by any man who passes by.

RUBBER RAVERS: An explicit daring special for those who like it packed from cover to cover with rubber action.

SHAVED: Lusty and Busty - big boobed beautiful bodies, his and her shavers. Creamed and brushed and thoroughly scrubbed.

PRIVATE LINES
627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE.

☎ INGA ON THE SWEDISH LINE GOES ALL THE WAY **0836 402 106**
You'll never have heard anything like it
(Calls charged 25p a minute off peak. 38p a minute peak)

HOW TO ORDER: 1. Complete and post coupon with correct monies.
2. Visit one of the retail outlets listed below.

CALLERS WELCOME: These and many other adult products are available amongst the retail outlets listed. Mon-Sat 9.30-6.30pm. (Fri 8pm).

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) *14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** *528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** *178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** *193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *5 Scarcroft Rd. ●●● **WALES — WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17., Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent N.W.2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bullring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **IPSWICH** 9 Manning Rd, Felixstowe **LEEDS** 209 North St. **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Rd, Leith Walk ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

SP2

Please rush me the magazine titles listed below. I enclose Cash/Cheque/P.O. for £__________ If paying by cheque add your name and address to reverse side.

☐ MS/11 x 6 TITLES £9.95
☐ MS/12 x 6 TITLES £9.95
☐ MS/13 x 6 TITLES £9.95

ANY TWO OF THESE (12 TITLES) £18.95
☐ ALL 18 TITLES £24.95

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

____

________________ Postcode____________

I am aware of the nature of these products and undertake not to show them to minors.

Signed______________________ I am over 18

PRIVATE LINES DEPT. MF
627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE.

City Trading Ltd Reg No: 2174586

NEW!NEW!

BE A BRAND LEADER

Show you are one of the *Mayfair* clan by sporting one of our new leisure jackets. Made of lightweight Polytex with knitted cuffs and thermal lining it's water-resistant and warm without being heavy. Available in two-tone blue with the *Mayfair* logo on the breast pocket, what better way to prove you're a *Mayfair* man — that is if your girl doesn't insist on wearing it! Perhaps you'd better buy two — at £39.95, they're good value.

ORDER FORM

To *Mayfair* Jacket Offer, Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me ..... jacket(s), ...small (36″), ...medium (40″) and .....large (44″).
Priced £39.95 each + £1.95 p+p.

BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE

Name ....

Address ....

....

.... M24/1

I enclose a cheque payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, or debit my Access/American Express account no

.... We also welcome telephone orders from credit card holders. Ring 01 242 1593 between 9.30 am and 5 pm and ask for Credit Card Sales.

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

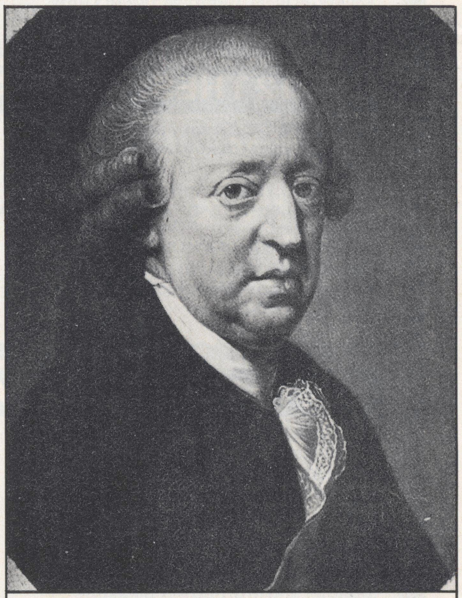
continued from page 102

Walkinshaw, who bore him a daughter, Charlotte, but later she walked out, taking the child with her, tired of Charles' drunken behaviour. In 1772 , at the age of 51 he married Princess Louise of Stolberg, the 20-year-old daughter of a minor German prince. Louise was pretty and vivacious and liked being treated like a Queen. ('James III' had since died and Charles was now 'King Charles I of Scotland and III of England'.)

For a while things went well and Charles was off the bottle, but Louise was a feckless little coquette, who did not hesitate to cuckold her ageing husband when the opportunity arose. The marriage finally broke down on St Andrew's Day in 1780, when Charles had been liberally toasting Scotland's patron saint and then broke into his wife's bedroom and raped her. Louise promptly sought the help of her brother-in-law, Cardinal York, who arranged a separation, which eventually enabled her to live openly with her principal lover, a writer called Vittorio Alfieri.

As for Charles, he was left alone and friendless, but for his sycophantic 'Court' circle. The only comfort — apart from alcohol — that he had at the end was the company of his illegitimate daughter, Charlotte, whom he created Duchess of Albany. He died in 1788 after a series of strokes.

How do you sum up a character like Bonnie Prince Charlie? He has had many biographers, mostly Scottish, so it is no surprise to find that his most recent one is Sir Fitzroy Maclean in the bicentennial year of his death. Maclean says clearly enough that Charles had charisma and determination but, particularly at Derby, lacked 'the kind of bold military decision T E Lawrence described as "the irrational tenth, like a kingfisher flashing aross the pool."' Meaning obviously that he should have gone on for London: having been so lucky this far he could have been lucky again.



Charles in old age. A portrait painted in Rome in 1175, 13 years before his death

But when audacity turned to recklessness, by choosing to fight at Culloden, his fate — and that of the Jacobite cause — was sealed. Thus the 'young Chevalier' became one of the most celebrated 'might-have-beens' in British history, and perhaps all the better loved for that.

Tracy has also made a successful pop single with a group called The Banned. The all-girl trio's record *Baby Come Back* made the disco charts last year. Tracy says she now prefers dancing on stage in sexy outfits to modelling. She also enjoys chatting on the phone — so much so, her parents brought her her own pay phone as a teenager to save their bills. Now Tracy gets paid to talk by telephone message companies who like her line in cheeky chat. However Tracy is not quite so successful behind the wheel. So far she and her former US Army jeep have been clamped, run out of petrol, and stopped by the Constabulary. Fortunately, Tracy has a great sense of humour, especially the slapstick style, so just watch out!

LADY OF PARIS

beautiful lingerie,
are giving away an open-crotch

FISHNET BODY-STOCKING

in the colour of your choice
with every copy of our sizzling, erotic

LINGERIE CATALOGUE

Send only £5.00 p+p (refundable) for our incredible, colour catalogue. Over 500 breathtaking shots in 84 pages of the most erotic fashions available anywhere — and demand a FREE open-crotch Fishnet Body-Stocking in the colour of your choice. Choose from black, red, white or blue. Free Body-Stocking with each catalogue — send for as many catalogues as you wish and pass them on to friends.

Send to: Lady of Paris, (Dept 30), Roman Way
Coleshill, Birmingham B45 1RL. A Division of Yago Holdings.

Fabulous "Simper" outfit (pictured). A classical, erotic creation in slinky, sexy, black wet-look clinging Cire " £16.25 (one size fits all). Catalogue and Free Body Stocking included.

To: Lady of Paris, (Dept 30), Roman Way, Coleshill, Birmingham B46 1RL

Name____________________

Address____________________

Postcode____________________

Please send me (Qty)_______ Lady of Paris Catalogue/s and Free Fishnet Body Stockings in (colour/s)__________ (Refs UP001/E010R/E024R)

Please send me (Qty) ______ Simper outfit/s and (Qty)______Free Catalogue/s and Free Fishnet Body-Stocking/s in colour/s) __________(Ref P327)

☐ I enclose CHQ/PO/CASH* (Registered only) to value of £__________

☐ Please debit my credit card a/c (type)____________________

Card No.____________________

*Delete as appropriate Expiry Date __________

FANTASY PRODUCTIONS · CALLS CHARGED AT 38P PER MIN PEAK & 25P OFF PEAK

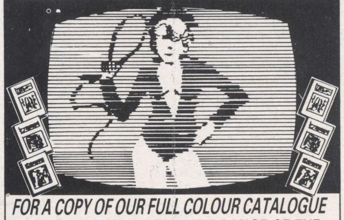
LOVE AIDS Catalogue

"At last a brochure designed to help equate the physical problems encountered in marriage".
Write or call for our 40 page colour catalogue. Plus Free Vibrato '
Send only £3.00. (Refundable)
FREE ★ ★ ★ ★ VIBRATOR!!
FACTORY & PARTY PLAN AGENTS REQ.
HOUSE OF PAN 420
Unit 18, Roman Way, Coleshill, Birmingham B46 1RL. TEL (0675) 62528

THIS BASQUE IS FREE!

With every copy of our stunning full colour lingerie catalogue containing 130 breathtaking photographs.
Send only £3p · p (refundable with first order) for catalogue and free basque to:–
LADY OF PARIS (Dept 19),
67, SMALLBROOK,
QUEENSWAY,
BIRMINGHAM
B5 4HX.
Credit Card Orders Tel: (0675) 62528 24 Hours
Return ad to qualify for this offer
Lady of Paris Prop Yago Holdings Ltd
Trade and Party Planners welcome

Free NAUGHTY VIDEOS



FOR A COPY OF OUR FULL COLOUR CATALOGUE CONTAINING THE COMPLETE RANGE OF THE BEST IN ADULT VIEWING PLUS A FREE VIDEO OF **THE WHIPCRACK SISTERS**
(STATE VHS OR BETA)
SEND ONLY £5.00 P+P Ref. UB/V TO:–
HOUSE OF PAN 22 COLESHILL, BIRMINGHAM B46 1RL
ORDERS BY PHONE (0675) 62528/467043
RETURN AD OR QUOTE DEPT 22 WHEN ORDERING TO QUALIFY FOR THIS AMAZING OFFER

DUREX

36 FETHERLITE	£7.20
36 NUFORM	£7.45
36 FIESTA	£6.70
36 BLACK SHADOW	£6.70
36 GOSSAMER **LUBRICATED**	£6.55
50 AEGIS **STIMULANT** OR **DELAY**	£8.99
50 AEGIS **ROUGH** OR **RIBBED**	£7.99
50 AEGIS **FRUIT FLAVOURED**	£9.99
50 AEGIS **TIGHT FIT**	£9.99
50 AEGIS **BIG BOY**	£8.99
SUPER VARIETY SELECTION PACK	£6.99

Return ad. with any order for **25 FREE** lubricated worth £5.00
AEGIS PRODUCTS. (421)
Coleshill, Birmingham B46 1RL
Credit Cards Tel: (0675) 62528 24 hours

FREE OFFER

OVER 18's ONLY
ADULTS ONLY
0898
900
500-599
Calls charged 37p peak, 25p off peak
SECTOR 5 DESIGN

Striptease GLAMOUR Adnlt Videos

EXCELLENT PICTURE QUALITY • FULL COLOUR

1 HOUR TAPE £16. *Any 2 titles £30. All three £45 p.f. Prompt 7 day despatch. 90 min. versions £25 each.*

ALL MODELS OVER 18

1. *PLASTIC PLEASURES* MkII
   Sensual stripping from skintight, stretch PVC-catsuits, dresses, macs, leotards, thigh boots, waspies, etc., etc.
2. *UNIFORMS NO. 2*
   Its here at last! Crisp new uniforms worn for just a little while by our delectable new model, Susie — absolutely gorgeous!
3. *LINGERIE STRIP*
   From satin, silk & lace basques, suspenders, baby dolls, negligees, g strings and much more!

Also UNIFORMS LEATHER EROTICA & FANTASY STRIP SPECIAL available.

NEW MODELS WANTED

PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING VIDEOS Nos ....

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

.... I am over 18. I enclose cash/ PO or cheque made payable to:

JADE (MAIL DIRECT) PO BOX 130 PLYMOUTH PL1 1RY

OUR GUARANTEE! YOUR FREE MESSAGE ON THE LINE WITHIN 48 HOURS OF YOUR RECORDING

THE TELEDATE ♥ 88 ♥ LINES

UPDATED at 12 NOON & 9pm.

RECORDED MESSAGES ON LINE THROUGHOUT THE UK 24 HOURS EVERY DAY

EAST MIDLANDS	0898 555 111
LANCS/STAFFS	0898 555 150
WEST MIDLANDS	0898 555 155
TYNESIDE/TEESSIDE	0898 555 166
YORKSHIRE/DERBYSHIRE	0898 555 100
THAMES TO SOUTH COAST	0898 555 125
KENT/ESSEX/EAST COAST	0898 555 124
MERSEYSIDE/NORTH WALES	0898 555 133
MANCHESTER GLASGOW LONDON BIRMINGHAM	007 777 5577
HUMBERSIDE	0898 777 303
BELFAST	0898 777 370
ISLE OF MAN	0898 777 373
CAMBRIDGE	0898 777 343
CUMBRIA	0898 777 377
MID & SOUTH WALES	0898 777 380
DEVON & CORNWALL	0898 777 350
JERSEY	0898 777 340

LISTEN TO PEOPLE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE SPECIAL..... LIKE YOU

TO PLACE YOUR FREE MESSAGE ON ANY TELEDATE LINE PHONE DIRECT ON **0800 269 353 (FREE CALL)**

ALL CALLS CHARGED AT 38p PER MIN PEAK 25p OFF PEAK TUDORBEAD LTD

Mayfair is anxious that services offered by advertisers should meet with the approval of readers. For this reason, comments on any advertised services would be welcome. Please address any comments that you may have to The Editor, *Mayfair*, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. It is important you supply us with your full name and address, so that we may inform you of our findings. Your name and address will not be disclosed to anyone without your written consent.

HAVE YOU SEEN BEST OF MAYFAIR No 8

featuring the Girls from the Benny Hill Show

plus a host of other star attractions?

If not, order yours today direct from Mayfair

IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE EARLIER BEST OF MAYFAIRS, TREAT YOURSELF TO THE PREVIOUS ISSUES TOO!

ORDER FORM

Please send me:

....copies of *Best of Mayfair No 8* (£2.90 inc p&p)
....copies of *Best of Mayfair No 6* (£2.65 inc p&p)
....copies of *Best of Mayfair No 5* (£2.65 inc p&p)
....copies of *Best of Mayfair No 4* (£2.50 inc p&p)
....copies of *Best of Mayfair No 3* (£2.25 inc p&p)

Name ....
Address ....
....
....
.... M24/1

Please make cheques payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

HOT STUFF!

10 RED HOT NUMBERS

0898·333·233
0898·333·133
0898·555·334
0898·555·340
0898·555·344
0898·555·350
0898·555·395
0898·555·330
0898·555·318
0898·555·380

BANNED ABROAD!

BUT HERE FOR YOU

0898·555·333
0898·333·111
0898·555·391
0898·555·382
0898·555·375
0898·555·370
0898·555·369
0898·555·366
0898·555·336
0898·555·353

DEEP DELIGHT!

THESE GIRLS GO FOR IT

0898·555·222
0898·555·777
0898·555·396
0898·555·386
0898·555·393
0898·555·388
0898·555·346
0898·555·338
0898·555·349
0898·555·384

24 Hours.
Tapes changed daily 2pm.

Calls 25p per minute off peak, 38p peak.

JUST FOR YOU!

SOMETHING FOR EVERY TASTE

0898·333·100
0898·333·123
0898·555·390
0898·555·381
0898·555·377
0898·555·373
0898·555·343
0898·555·355
0898·555·360
0898·555·363

HOT & HORNY!

YOU WON'T BELIEVE THESE

0898·333·122
0898·555·322
0898·555·300
0898·555·308
0898·555·315
0898·555·324
0898·555·311
0898·555·320
0898·555·356
0898·555·361

IN DEEP!

THAT'S THE WAY THESE GIRLS LIKE IT

0898·555·399
0898·555·397
0898·555·371
0898·555·303
0898·555·305
0898·555·317
0898·555·322
0898·555·306
0898·555·323
0898·555·358

A SERVICE FROM J.W. NIJHOLT (U.K.) LTD.

LETTERS

continued from page 8
his hands moved to my waist, our dual movements got quicker and my breasts bouncier before I climaxed with a deep sigh of pleasure.

I felt so comfortable and contented. Then Peter kissed me. It was a prolonged kiss, followed by two of his fingers finding their way deep into my fanny. As my husband was definitely a non-stop in and out merchant, it was a joy to see Peter was not the same. He is one of these wonderful men who can stretch you out onto your back, and cover every inch of you beautifully, just using his hands. Foreplay does not adequately describe it.

Unfortunately, it ended when the telephone rang. It was Kate who was on her way home, as she still had one hell of a headache from the previous night's drinking.

That afternoon, despite the fact that I had enjoyed the most memorable fuck ever, I felt really ashamed that I had allowed myself to be seduced by a good friend's husband. I decided to tell Kate and apologise, but this was when the real shock came. Peter had already told her every detail. What's more, she was upset that she had missed out, and asked when was I going to call round again! I can't recall what I said, probably because I was too shocked for words.

I told my elder sister and asked her advice. Do you know what she said? 'What's their address, I'll go and move next-door.' Some advice!

DC, Bournemouth

We trust your car was serviced in the same efficient manner.

Mad romp

I found the Quest section in Vol. 23 No. 9 very timely as a few weeks before reading it I had enjoyed 'angry sex'.

I'm a woman in the police, and I sometimes work nights. During the warm summer weather I like to catch up on my sleep, sunbathing in my garden. As my neighbours work during the day I can go topless without being overlooked. Recently, the student son of my next-door neighbour had been on holiday from college and taken to staring at me. At first I was flattered that a 19-year-old found my 31-year-old body worth looking at, and treated it as a joke, giving him a good flash of my boobs, and bum, and occasional glimpses of pubes. When he persisted in looking at me I became so incensed I decided to give him a good telling off.

I put a baggy T-shirt over my bikini and stormed around to next door. I hammered at the door and when he opened it I barged into the hall. He stood there speechless as I ranted away: 'Had a good wank? You'll go blind. Don't rub too hard in case you snap it off.'

I was so angry that, without thinking, I pulled my T-shirt over my head and removed my bikini, screaming: 'Have a closer look. Never seen a naked woman before.' As I stood before him stark naked and shaking with rage he calmly said, 'You're right I've never seen a naked woman before.' I was taken back with shock, a 19-year-old student saying such a thing. I threw my arms around him, pulled him to me and began to kiss him.

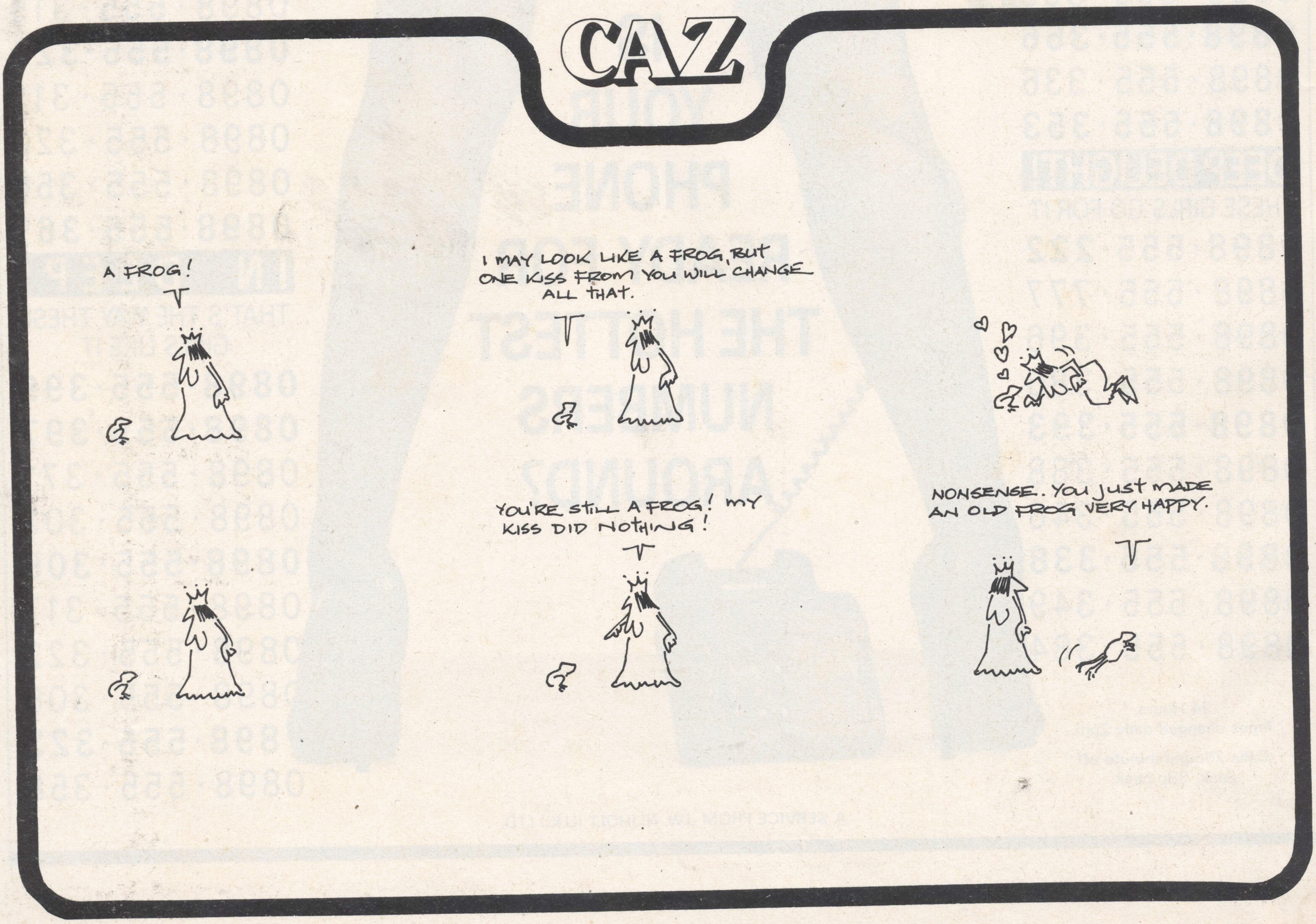
As he responded I said, 'Let's go upstairs,' and he led me to his parent's bedroom. I placed his hands upon my boobs. As he squeezed at them and his crotch rubbed against me I could feel his erection. His hips began to jerk and he suddenly climaxed. I told him not to worry and assured him he would last much longer the second time around. I undressed him and, with the help of a wet-wipe, I cleaned him up around his pubes. As I gently wiped him he began to regain his stiffness and I realised his circumcised organ was longer and thicker than Mr Average's. He was pleased when I told him.

I then guided him around my body, letting him fondle my breasts, suck away on my nipples, stroke and lick the insides of my thighs and eventually, run his fingers through my dense forest of pubic hair. He found my opening and very nervously he slid his forefinger into my moist slit. I lay back on the bed as he began his voyage of discovery around my fanny. With my help he was soon able to make me, hornier and hornier.

I gently rubbed his purple coloured helmet. I wanted to suck it, but as he was in a very advanced state of arousal I decided against that. Instead I gently gripped his fine erection and as he lay upon me, I guided it into my well-lubricated and very accommodating love-pot. Without any prompting he began to thrust up and down. I could feel my orgasm building up as it rubbed against my fanny walls. As I felt his buttocks tighten, I squeezed them hard and he thrust into me for the final time. He felt enormous as he began pumping in short, strong spurts. I could feel all my anger and annoyance leave my climaxing body.

Afterwards I felt pleased to have taken a young lad's virginity but disgusted with myself for losing my temper, as I don't want to ruin my happy marriage.

Mrs CC, Portsmouth



PHONE FANTASIES

(DIAL FOR ACTION)

DANISH HOT LINE	0836 402 146
RIDE MY BICYCLE	0836 402 147
TALK NAUGHTY TO ME	0836 402 148
HOLIDAY DESIRES	0836 402 149
TELEPHONE TEASE	0836 402 150
SLIM BODIES	0836 402 151
DISCO CHICK	0836 402 152
DREAM FANTASY	0836 402 153
NOW I WANT YOU	0836 402 154
SAUCY SEXY SUE	0836 402 155
XXX HOT LINE	0836 402 156
RANDY MANDY	0836 402 157
BLACK STOCKINGS	0836 402 158
WAYWARD WANDA	0836 402 159
ROUGH AND READY	0836 402 160
KITCHEN CAPERS	0836 402 161
BIRD ON THE WIRE	0836 402 162
SWEDISH HOT LINE	0836 402 163
MILE HIGH CLUB	0836 402 164
BENIDORM BARMAIDS	0836 402 165

FANTASY PRODUCTIONS. CALLS CHARGED AT 38P PER MINUTE PEAK AND 25P OFF PEAK

FANTASY PHONING

ANITA THE ESCORT
0836 402 116

AU PAIR GIRL
0836 402 117

RICH BITCH
0836 402 118

BIKER GIRL
0836 402 119

MISS DOMINANT
0836 402 120

JACKIE
0836 402 121

FUN & FANTASY
0836 402 122

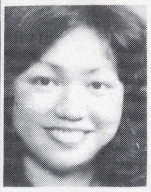
OVER 21
0836 402 123

COME WITH ME
0836 402 124

PINK PUSSY CAT
0836 402 125

Fantasy productions: calls charged at 25p per min; 38p per min peak

PEN PALS



Make yourself a new friend right away with MATCHMAKER, a monthly catalogue of EXCITING NEW CONTACTS, penpals and sweethearts near and far.

Every page is ABSOLUTELY PACKED with descriptive commentaries and photographs of people who are waiting to hear from YOU.

WRITE NOW enclosing a stamp, if possible. By return we will RUSH to you an APPROVAL copy of MATCHMAKER to view for yourself.

MATCHMAKER, Dept. R.1.
CHORLEY, LANCS. PR7–4BS.

SUPER SAVERS SEX AIDS

SUPERIA

1st CLASS SERVICE — WE AIM TO PLEASE — 1st FOR SATISFACTION

For Her... PERSONAL MASSAGERS *For Him...*

191 **Non-Doctor de luxe** complete with 4 heads and 3 sleeves - **top value** £7.50
149 **Thruster** moves up-and-down and vibrates for added sensation £7.95
152 **Finger & Thumb** twists and vibrates for double pleasure £8.50
155 **Pearl Driver** exciting new sensations from rotating beaded shaft and side mounted featherlite 'flick' clitoral vibrator £21.95
104 **De-Luxe Mini Mystique 6**" Gold Headed vibrator — fits purse or bag £4.75
106 **Torpedo** flexible and ribbed for maximum results. 10" long £8.75
107 **Bender** Flexible & Studded for a rough ride 8" long £7.50
108 **Firefly 9**" 'glowing' head vibrator — hot stuff! £7.50
111 **Slim Stim** narrow and smooth to go anywhere — 7½" long £3.95
117 **King Slim Stim** 9" of pleasure even longer and stronger £4.75
116 **Silver** headed with black hand grip — 8" long £5.75
128 **De-Luxe Gold Monster** vibrator 10" long with 5¼" circumference £7.25
130 10" **Standard** Vibrator 4" circumference £5.50
138 **De-Luxe 7**" Ivory Vibrator top seller — top value at £5.25
189 **'G' Spot** vibrator — slightly flexible and curved to reach that magic spot £9.95
730 **Duo Balls** (or Ben-Wa) for vaginal stimulation when moving £4.94
731 **Super Soft Duo Balls** £5.95
729 **Vibrating Duo Balls** (motorised) £6.95
779 **Butterfly** strap into the crutch for clitoral stimulation — can be worn at almost anytime £6.95
786 **Vaginal Douche** — the very popular British made model for vaginal rinsing £7.95

DILDO'S (Prosthetics)

184 **Vibrating Dildo** — 5" circumference hand held £8.50
345 **Standard Dildo** — as 184 but non-vibrating £7.95
345L **Standard Dildo** 10" long (5¾" circumference) £8.75
346 As 345 with ejaculating action £9.50
348 As 345 but pump version £11.95
358 **Bully Boy** dildo 10" long — 5¾" circ. with built in vibrator £9.50
338 **Strap-on Dildo** with scrotum £15.50
339 As 338 with ejaculating action £17.50
340 As 338 but vibrating model £17.50
343 **Double Strap on Dildo** £18.75
344 As 343 but vibrating model £20.95
365 **Double Dong** 16-17 inches of double ended pleasure — very flexible £12.95
366 As 365 but vibrating model £14.95

506 **LEWDO The board game that's strictly for the very broad-minded. For two or more players £6.00**

212 **Penis Developer** Chartham method with instructions, 'Penis Enlargement' booklet and exercise cream top value — all for only £9.95
233 **The Penis** Dr. Richards best selling book on every aspect £4.95
576 **Penis Stretch** additional aid for use with the Penis Developer £3.25
219 **Vibrating Vagina** — when you are on your own it's the next best thing £16.50
240 **Pulsator** pump up vibrating male stimulator £16.50
242 **Auto Comforter** — a sensational new massager with internal 'stroke' action and 'nose' vibrator £17.95
247 **Climactor** a handy small vibrating massager with 'screw' profile £10.75
222 **Sex Doll** blow-up plastic doll with vibrator — always willing £24.75
262 **Latex/Vinyl Doll** as 222 but holds up to 200lb in weight £40.00
263 **Wonder Doll** in Latex/Vinyl — has many extra features £65.00
225 **Male Sex Doll** blow-up plastic doll with 7½" erect penis £26.00
772 **Menfit** A specially designed ring to help men maintain an erection £3.50
765 **Jack Strap** (Arab Strap) in soft leather for that eye-catching crutch bulge £5.25
882B **Posing Pouch** Wet-look Black £2.75
885 " " Leopard £3.25
891 " " Black Fishnet £3.50
894R " " See Through Red £3.00

CREAMS AND SPRAYS

441 **Oralube** — Banana Fruity £2.25
442 " Chocolate Love £2.25
443 " Strawberry Oils £2.25
446 **Love Lube** water based sexual lubricant 60cc bottle £1.50
450 **Action Spray** for men £2.75
453 **Delay Spray** for men £2.75
457 **Pussy Cream** £2.50
464 **TNT Cream** for men £2.50
467 **Nipplevite** £2.25
481 **Ginseng** Capsules £2.50
488 **Top Stop** Cream for men £2.50
492 **Heat Sugar** £1.50

ANY 3 CREAMS/SPRAYS FOR ONLY £6.00

SEDUCTIVE LINGERIE
(B = black R = red)

800R **Open Crutch Panties** Min. 85% Nylon £1.75
810B **Seamed Stockings** 3 quality pairs - 100% Nylon £2.25
843B **French Knickers** - 100% Nylon See-through £4.00
852R **Bra & Brief Set** - 100% Nylon Open front & crutch £7.00
864 **Maid Set** 100% nylon £14.50
865 **Nurses Uniform** - pulses rise! Body: 60% Polyester/40% Nylon £14.00
845 **Wet Look Playsuit** 80% Nylon/20% Lycra, shoestring strap and snap fastening crutch £8.50
867 **Wet Look Playsuit** 100% Nylon, open-breasted, halter-neck and centre strap £9.75
868 **Wet Look Micro Skirt** 100% Polyamide, wrap-over velcro variable waist size fastening £13.50

Superia Supplies Ltd. Dept. M2, PO Box 424, Hove, East Sussex, BN3 1EU
Registered in England 1675538 Established 1970
9 Brunswick Street West, Hove. Use P.O. Box only - No callers

DUREX — CONDOMS — USA/GERMAN

24 **Elite** ultra sensitive £4.50 ☐
24 **Gold** extra long - no teat £6.00 ☐
24 **Nuform** extra safe £4.00 ☐
24 **Featherlite** extra fine £4.00 ☐
24 **Gossamer** lubricated £3.75 ☐
24 **Allergy** anti allergy £3.50 ☐
24 **Fiesta** coloured £4.00 ☐
24 **Black Shadow** all black £4.50 ☐
24 **Arouser** ribbed £4.50 ☐
24 **ABC Double Sure** £4.00 ☐
24 **Conture-Naturform** £4.50 ☐
24 **Long Love** £4.00 ☐
24 **Stud Ride** £5.00 ☐
24 **Samples** of above & Durex £4.50 ☐
20 **Amor Coloured** £1.95 ☐
20 **Amor All Black** £1.95 ☐

All condoms we sell have been electronically-tested.

FREE **CATALOGUE** of sex aids, lingerie and contraceptive with **all orders** (or send stamp).
Foreign orders welcome — please add 20% for Overseas postage.
Foreign personal cheques not accepted. Giro 3164853
I am over 18. Please rush me the item(s) listed, post free under plain cover.

Enter code in box

I enclose PO/Cheque for £ ....

NAME Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms ....

....

....

.... POSTCODE ....

SUPERIA SUPPLIES LTD. DEPT. M2, PO BOX 424, HOVE, EAST SUSSEX, BN3 1EU

Marlboro
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro
Marlboro, the number one
selling cigarette in the world.